

SIERRA MADRE HARDWARE CO.

PLUMBING,
TINNING,
PAINTS & OILS.STOVES,
RANGES
AIR TIGHTS.GRANITWARE,
PYREX
CUTLERY.Sierra Madre
Hardware Co.
31-35 West CentralCITY PRICES
OR LOWER

THE RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The Committee Working Hard to
Put the Drive Over
The Top.

The Third Red Cross Roll Call is in full swing and headquarters at 14 N. Baldwin Ave. has been the busiest place in town this week. Most of the faithful workers of former campaigns are again to the fore, and all are determined that Sierra Madre shall live up to the reputation she holds—dear and remain where she belongs—in the front rank for percentage of membership.

The first three days of the week brought in a number of subscriptions from those who wished to be on the volunteer list. Since then the solicitors have started on their rounds to call on those who could not come to headquarters. Make it easy for them and remember that they are giving not only their own dollars, but time and effort and energy also to make it easy for you to give yours!

If any of our readers have friends or relatives in the work of reconstruction in the war stricken countries, they will not need to be reminded that the work of the Red Cross must be continued for an indefinite time. The letters that come from those who are exerting every effort to lessen the suffering and misery that have followed in the wake of battle, still tell of heart-rending want and distress and should stir each of us to renewed effort to relieve some fraction of the grievous desolation. What if it had been our beautiful, smiling country?

Let every citizen of Sierra Madre turn in his dollar with thankfulness for the privilege of helping a little bit those whose suffering has been greater than it is possible for us here in this blessed land of sunshine to realize—and remember, too, that little as some of us may think it, there is poverty and pain and trouble even in our own country that needs the ministrations of the Greatest Mother in the World, and that a portion of our receipts will be assigned for use for such purposes and for the care where it is still needed of the families of our boys who gave or risked their all to keep us free from the horrors

of war within our own land.

The committee in charge of the Roll Call thank each member who has sent or brought his subscription voluntarily, and thus reduced the work of the solicitors. Every effort will be made to call at each home that has not already enrolled, but if anyone has been overlooked through lack of proper information and no solicitor has found you out by Saturday, telephone headquarters, Blue 100, and your subscription will be sent for.

MISS ALICE K. HAIG,
Cashier Roll Call Com.

PUENTE INVITES YOU

A fine display of hogs, goats, sheep, poultry, rabbits and pet stock as well as a great array of automobiles, trucks, tractors and farm implements will be on exhibit at the first annual Victory Day Fiesta to be held at Puente, Tuesday, November 11.

A great spectacular parade, a splendid barbecued dinner, motion picture show and monster street dance, free to everyone, will be among the day's festivities.

Our readers and their friends are invited to attend and be guests of Puente in honor of her 105 returned service men.

ELECTED TO NEW POSITION

Miss Mattie F. Seeley was elected assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Sierra Madre at the regular meeting of the board of directors held on Thursday, Oct. 30th. Miss Seeley has been connected with the bank for the past two years and this promotion comes in recognition of her ability and services.

DIED

Miss Isabel Richards, age 19, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richards, died Monday, November 3rd, at 162 Grove street.

Deceased was a native of Louisiana, having come here a year ago to regain her health after an attack of influenza, but gradually got worse until the end came.

She is survived by a mother and father and two brothers to mourn her loss. Funeral services were held Wednesday at 2:30 at Allen T. Gay's undertaking establishment. Burial will take place at Pasadena.

??? HAVE YOU HEARD ???

Caroline Sunshine

and

Golden Gate

CALL AND LET ME PLAY THIS
RECORD ON THE VICTOR FOR
YOU

NOVEMBER RECORDS ARE HERE

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

Members Alive to the Best Interests
of Sierra Madre. An En-
thusiastic Meeting.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Trade Monday evening, Nov. 3rd, a letter was read from J. B. Lipincott, chief engineer of the Automobile Club of Southern California, in regard to the proposed mountain roads through the Angeles Forest Reserve. The proposal calls for the expenditure of \$160,000 for the Arroyo Seco road and from \$250,000 to \$350,000 for the road up the San Gabriel. The construction of those roads as planned to and along the crest to a junction at Mt. Islip is not yet provided for. The estimated cost of the Mt. Wilson region to Mt. Islip, according to the surveys of the Automobile Club is \$650,000. A part of this fund should be provided for by the county and another portion should be provided by the U. S. Forest Service, which has undertaken the care and administration of this reserve. This matter was voted upon and heartily endorsed.

The matter of securing a municipal camping ground for Sierra Madre was brought up and the following committee was appointed to report on a suitable site: M. D. Welsher, chairman, Mr. M. Udell and J. N. Hawks. Mr. Alley reported progress by the committee appointed to prepare questionnaires in regard to feeling of voters for the coming bond election.

Mr. A. R. Hinton, a newcomer to Sierra Madre, and Editor of the Oil World, published in Los Angeles, was elected a new member.

In the absence of Mayor Mitchell, Mr. C. J. Pegler was elected chairman protem. and presided at this meeting.

PROHIBITION AND THE SUGAR SHORTAGE

The popularity of candy following upon the prohibition of liquor prompts one editor to say that John Barleystick is taking the place of John Barleycorn.

There is one outstanding cause for the shortage of sugar and that is prohibition. One billion more pounds as against the same period last year have been consumed by the people of the United States this year.

Statistics furnished by the Food Administration show that the past year has witnessed a tremendous increase in the consumption of candy, ice cream and confections in which sugar is an ingredient.

Because of inaction of government in matter of purchasing Cuban sugar crop which is accepted in trade circles as foretelling a serious shortage in sugar over the country, great pressure is being exerted by western wholesalers to capture the beet sugar crop of the west. The sugar companies, however, are desirous of keeping the price as low as possible. With the probability of a shortage under present conditions they are not happy over the prospects.

They have adopted the plan of distributing supplies among as many customers as possible in an effort to make the most equitable apportionment of available stocks. In this way they hope to reduce hoarding and to regulate competition. Western beet sugar producers are to be commended for their position in this matter.—Industrial News Bureau.

BOND PAYMENTS DUE

If you subscribed for Victory Bonds, on the payment plan, don't forget that the last day for payment is next Tuesday, Nov. 11, at the bank. Better pay it today and get it off your mind.

RED CROSS
Roll Call

November 2 to 11, '19

THIS IS THE TIME TO RENEW YOUR RED CROSS

Membership For 1920

JOIN NOW

Headquarters

14 North Baldwin Ave.

IF YOU ARE A MEMBER RENEW HERE AND IF NOT
MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO RED CROSS ROLL CALL.

ALL YOU NEED IS A HEART & A DOLLAR

SPECIAL
SALE

Outing Flannel . . .

Outings in stripes, plaids and plain white, a limited quantity, while they last . . . 29c

Crib Blankets . . .

Good large size, 36x50, in Eider down, light blue and pink animal figures . . . \$1.85

Cotton Blankets . . .

Blankets, size 64x76, soft, warm cotton blankets in gray, tan and white . . . \$3.50

PHONE BLACK 85

J. F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

WOMAN'S CLUB IS ACTIVE

Are Busy With Plans that will Benefit the Entire Community.

Monday, Nov. 10th, will be the date for the regular social meeting of the Woman's Club. Mrs. F. P. Sperry and Mrs. Frank Hart, who have the program in charge, expect to offer a program none the less attractive than have been the other two, this season. Owing to an unaccountable delay in completing the final arrangements, we can only print the anticipated program. The speaker, whose name will be printed later, is one of the many excellent ones sent out by the Federation and her subject "Taking the Work Out of Work"—should be of intense interest to every housewife. One of the accomplished singers of Cummock School—many of whom have graced our programs in times past, will give selected solos. Mrs. F. W. Neutzel and Mrs. Woodson Jones, who so genially presided as hostesses at tea on the last club afternoon, will again act in that capacity. Club members are urged to attend.

NEW DRAMA SECTION

There is vast expectation and much interest among the members of the Sierra Madre Women's Club over the decision of the board of directors in regard to the establishing of a drama section. Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith has been engaged to lead the section and will come to Sierra Madre twice a month, beginning November 10th. A large and active section devoted to the study of good drama, the technique, and direction of plays will be held during the coming year by Mrs. Goldsmith, who is the present curator of the drama department of the Matinee Musical Club and chairman of pageantry of the Los Angeles Drama League. The meeting on November 10th will be devoted to the consideration of Lord Dunsany's one-act play, "Fame and the Gods," and Alfred Sutro's "The Open Door." There will be discussion as to the value of the one-act play in the theater of today.

During the year many interesting and new plays will be studied, plays

with a vital and significant message, and at the close of the season a large pageant will be produced under the auspices of the club. This production it is hoped will weld together not only the members of the Sierra Madre Women's Club, but the community of Sierra Madre and adjacent towns.

Club members desiring to join this section may get particulars from the president, Mrs. W. E. Walker. Those who have already agreed to join are Madames F. P. Sperry, F. J. Hart, W. E. Walker, Geo. Oswald, Walter Lynch, F. W. Nuetzel, Woodson Jones, Milton Steinberger and Wm. R. Lees.

MASQUERADE BALL

During the past week, the wardrobe of many of our Sierra Madreans has been enriched by some vastly amusing additions, and Friday night these mysterious garments will be carefully drawn from their seclusion, shyly donned by our fun loving lads and lassies and later, form a confusing mass to beguile from the bewildered judges the four prizes which are to be awarded to the two best and the two most ridiculous costumes. The same excellent music, which has in the past made our dances most popular, will be in attendance, and tempting refreshments, especially suitable to an affair of this kind, will be served. Dancing will begin at 9 o'clock. Are you coming?

DANCING CLASS

On Friday, Nov. 7th, Miss Hope Knapp of Alhambra will give the first of her course of dancing lessons, at the club house, the younger pupils instruction commencing at 2:30 o'clock and the older pupils at four. This course of instruction is sponsored by the Board of Directors of the Woman's Club, who, realizing that Miss Knapp is indeed an artist of rare ability, wish to give the people of Sierra Madre the advantage of this wonderful opportunity. Judging by the way in which the classes are fast filling up, these lessons will be very popular.

Got something you want to sell? Tell it to the world in the wantad column. Results will surprise you.

Grass Rugs . . .

We have an unusually large assortment of Grass Rugs from which to choose. Now is the time to fix up your floors for winter. Come in and look them over. Los Angeles prices beat. Make us prove it.

SPECIAL PRICES as long as they last
8x10 Stencil boulder Grass \$9.50
Rug, Regular price \$12SEE US ABOUT GAS HEATERS
THAT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

Bergien Bros.

FURNITURE and HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

Phone Main 136

87 West Central

PHONE, BLACK 8
FOR

Royal-Yosemite Laundry

Because the Phone at Sander's Drug Store is no longer available, we have arranged with the A. N. Adams Realty Co. for the use of their Phone, Black 8 and our patrons are thus notified of the change.

We wish to thank our friends in Sierra Madre for their patronage and invite others to join the ranks of our satisfied customers. Phone Black 8 and the driver will call.

ROYAL-YOSEMITE LAUNDRY CO.
Pasadena, Cal.

The Magnificent Ambersons

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

A month after her death he walked abruptly into Fanny's room, one night, and found her at her desk, eagerly adding columns of figures with which she had covered several sheets of paper.

"George! You startled me."
"I beg your pardon for not knocking," he said huskily. "I didn't think."
She turned in her chair and looked at him solicitously. "Sit down, George, won't you?"

"No, I just wanted—"
"I could hear you walking up and down in your room," said Fanny. "You were doing it ever since dinner, and it seems to me you're at it almost every evening. I don't believe it's good for you—and I know it would worry your mother terribly if she—" Fanny hesitated.

"See here," George said, breathing fast. "I want to tell you once more that what I did was right. How could I have done anything else but what I did do?"

"Oh, I don't pretend to judge," Fanny said soothingly, for his voice and gesture both partook of wildness. "I know you think you did, George."

"Think I did?" he echoed violently. "My God in heaven!" And he began to walk up and down the floor. "What else was there to do? What choice did I have? Was there any other way of stopping the talk?" He stopped, close in front of her, gesticulating, his voice harsh and loud; "Was there any other way on earth of protecting her from the talk?"

Miss Fanny looked away. "It died down before long, I think," she said nervously.

"That shows I was right, doesn't it?" he cried. "If I hadn't acted as I did, that slanderous old Johnson woman would have kept on with her slanders—she'd still be—"

"No," Fanny interrupted. "She's dead. She dropped dead with apoplexy one day about six weeks after you left. I didn't mention it in my letters because I didn't want—I thought—"

"Well, the other people would have kept on, then. They'd have—"

"I don't know," said Fanny, still averting her troubled eyes. "Things are so changed here, George. The other people you speak of—one hardly knows what's become of them. Of course not a great many were doing the talking, and they—well, some of them are dead, and some might as well be—you never see them any more—and the rest, whoever they were, are probably so mixed in with the crowds of new people that seem never even to have heard of us—and I'm sure we certainly never heard of them—and people seem to forget things so soon—they seem to forget anything. You can't imagine how things have changed here!"

George gulped painfully before he could speak. "You—you mean to sit there and tell me that if I'd just let things go on— Oh!" He swung away, walking the floor again. "I tell you



"I Did the Right Thing, I Tell You."

I did the only right thing! You think I was wrong!"

"I'm not saying so," she said. "You did at the time!" he cried. "You said enough then, I think. Well, what have you to say now, if you're so sure I was wrong?"

"Nothing, George."

"It's only because you're afraid to!" he said, and he went on with a sudden bitter divination: "You're reproaching yourself with what you had to do with all that; and you're trying to make up for it by doing and saying what you think mother would want you to, and you think I couldn't stand it if I got to thinking I might have done differently. Oh, I know! That's exactly what's in your mind: you do think I was wrong! So does Uncle George, I challenged him about it the other day, and he answered just

as you're answering—evaded, and tried to be gentle! I don't care to be handled with gloves! I tell you I was right, and I don't need any coddling by people that think I wasn't! And I suppose you believe I was wrong not to let Morgan see her that last night when he came here, and she—she was dying. If you do, why in the name of God did you come and ask me? You could have taken him in! She did want to see him. She—"

Miss Fanny looked startled. "You think—"

"She told me so!" And the tortured young man choked. "She said—'just once'! She said 'I'd like to have seen him—just once'! She meant—to tell him good-bye! That's what she meant! And you put this on me, too; you put this responsibility on me! But I tell you, and I told Uncle George, that the responsibility isn't all mine! If you were so sure I was wrong all the time—when I took her away, and when I turned Morgan out—if you were so sure, what did you let me do it for? You and Uncle George were grown people, both of you, weren't you? You were older than I, and if you were so sure you were wiser than I, why did you just stand around with your hands hanging down, and let me go ahead? You could have stopped it if it was wrong, couldn't you?"

Fanny shook her head. "No, George," she said slowly. "Nobody could have stopped you. You were too strong, and—"

"And what?" he demanded loudly.

"And she loved you—too well," George stared at her hard, then his lower lip began to move convulsively, and he set his teeth upon it but could not check its frantic twitching.

He ran out of the room.

He sat still, listening. He had plunged into his mother's room, but no sound came to Fanny's ears after the sharp closing of the door; and presently she rose and stepped out into the hall—but could hear nothing. What interview was sealed away from human eye and ear within the lonely darkness on the other side of that door—in that darkness where Isabel's own special chairs were, and her own special books, and the two great walnut wardrobes filled with her dresses and wraps? What tragic argument might be there vainly striving to confuse the gentle dead? "In God's name, what else could I have done?" For his mother's immutable silence was surely answering him as Isabel in life would never have answered him, and he was beginning to understand how eloquent the dead can be. They cannot stop their eloquence, no matter how they have loved the living; they cannot choose. And so, no matter in what agony George should cry out, "What else could I have done?" and to the end of his life no matter how often he made that wild appeal, Isabel was doomed to answer him with the wistful, faint murmur.

"I'd like to have—seen him. Just once."

A superstitious person might have thought it unfortunate that Fanny's partner in speculative industry as in Wilbur's disastrous rolling-mills, was that charming but too haphazard man of the world, George Amberson. He was one of those optimists who believe that if you put money into a great many enterprises one of them is sure to turn out a fortune, and therefore, in order to find the lucky one, it is only necessary to go into a large enough number of them.

"You ought to have thought of my record and stayed out," he told Fanny, one day the next spring, when the affairs of the headlight company had begun to look discouraging. "Things do look bleak, and I'm only glad you didn't go into this confounded thing to the extent I did."

Miss Fanny grew pink. "But it must go right!" she protested. "We saw with our own eyes how perfectly it worked out in the shop. It simply—"

"Oh, you're right about that," Amberson said. "It certainly was a perfect thing—in the shop!"

"But think of that test on the road when we—"

"That test was lovely," he admitted. "The inventor made us happy with his oratory, and you and Frank Bronson and I went whirling through the night at a speed that thrilled us. We must never forget it—and we never shall. It cost—"

"But something must be done."
"It must indeed! My something would seem to be leaving my watch at my uncle's. Luckily, you—"

The pink of Fanny's cheeks became deeper. "But isn't that man going to do anything to remedy it? Can't he try to—"

"He can try," said Amberson. "He is trying, in fact. I've sat in the shop watching him try for several beautiful afternoons."

"But you must make him keep on trying!"

"Oh, yes. I'll keep sitting!"

However, in spite of the time he spent sitting in the shop, worrying the inventor of the fractious light, Amberson found opportunity to worry himself about another matter of business. This was the settlement of Isabel's estate.

"It's curious about the deed to her house," he said to his nephew. "You're absolutely sure it wasn't among her papers?"

"Mother didn't have any papers," George told him. "None at all. All she ever had to do with business was to deposit the checks grandfather gave her, and then write her own checks against them."

"The deed to the house was never recorded," Amberson said thoughtfully. "I've been over to the courthouse to see. I think it would be just as well to get him to execute one now in your favor. I'll speak to him about it."

George sighed. "I don't think I'd bother him about it; the house is mine, and you and I understand that it is. That's enough for me, and there isn't likely to be much trouble between you and me when we come to settling poor grandfather's estate. I've just been with him, and I think it would only confuse him for you to speak to him about it again. I notice he seems distressed if anybody tries to get his attention—he's a long way off, somewhere, and he likes to stay that way. I think—I think mother wouldn't want us to bother him about it; I'm sure she'd tell us to let him alone. He looks so white and queer."

Amberson shook his head. "I won't bother him any more than I can help; but I'll have the deed made out ready for his signature."

"I wouldn't bother him at all. I don't see—"

"You might see," said his uncle uneasily. "The estate is just about as involved and mixed up as an estate can well get, to the best of my knowledge. You ought to have that deed."

"No, don't bother him."

"I'll bother him as little as possible. I'll wait till some day when he seems to brighten up a little."

But Amberson waited too long. The Major had already taken eleven months since his daughter's death to think important things out. One evening his grandson sat with him—the Major seemed to like best to have young George with him, so far as they were able to guess his preferences—and the old gentleman made a queer gesture; he slapped his knee as if he had made a sudden discovery, or else remembered that he had forgotten something.

George looked at him with an air of inquiry, but said nothing. He had grown to be almost as silent as his grandfather. However, the Major spoke without being questioned.

"It must be in the sun," he said. "There wasn't anything here but the sun in the first place, and the earth came out of the sun, and we came out of the earth. So, whatever we are, we must have been in the sun. We go back to the earth we came out of, so the earth will go back to the sun that it came out of. And time means nothing—nothing at all—so in a little while we'll all be back in the sun together. I wish—"

He moved his hand uncertainly as if reaching for something, and George jumped up. "Did you want anything, grandfather?"

"What?"

"Would you like a glass of water?" "No—no. No; I don't want anything." The reaching hand dropped back up on the arm of his chair, and he relapsed into silence; but a few minutes later he finished the sentence he had begun:

"I wish—somebody could tell me!"

The next day he had a slight cold, but he seemed annoyed when his son suggested calling the doctor, and Amberson let him have his own way so far, in fact, that after he had got up and dressed, the following morning, he was all alone when he went away to find out what he hadn't been able to think out—all those things he had wished "somebody" would tell him.

Old Sam, shuffling in with the breakfast tray, found the Major in his accustomed easy-chair by the fireplace—and yet even the old darkey could see instantly that the Major was not there.

CHAPTER XX.

When the great Amberson estate went into court for settlement, "there wasn't any," George Amberson said—that is, when the settlement was concluded there was no estate. He reproached himself bitterly for not having long ago discovered that his father had never given Isabel a deed to her house, "And those pigs, Sydney and Amelia!" he added, for this was another thing he was bitter about.

"They won't do anything, I'm sorry I gave them the opportunity of making a polished refusal. The estate was badly crippled, even before they took out their 'third,' and the 'third' they took was the only good part of the rotten apple. Well, I didn't ask them for restitution on my own account, and at least it will save you some trouble, young George. Never waste any time writing to them; you mustn't count on them."

"I don't," George said quietly. "I don't count on anything."

"Oh, we'll not feel that things are quite desperate," Amberson laughed,

but not with great cheerfulness. "We'll survive, George—you will, especially. For my part I'm a little too old and too accustomed to fall back on somebody else for supplies to start a big fight with life; I'll be content with just surviving, and I can do it on an eighteen-hundred-dollar-a-year consularship. An ex-congressman can always be pretty sure of getting some such job, and I hear from Washington the matter's about settled. So much for me! But you—of course you've had a poor training for making your own way, but you're only a boy after all, and the stuff of the old stock is in you. It'll come out and do something. I'll never forgive myself about that deed; it would have given you something substantial to start with. Still, you have a little tiny bit, and you'll have a little tiny salary, too; and of course your Aunt Fanny's here, and she's got something you can fall back on if you get too pinched, until I can begin to send you a dribble now and then."

George's "little tiny bit" was six hundred dollars which had come to him from the sale of his mother's furniture; and the "little tiny salary" was eight dollars a week which old Frank Bronson was to pay him for services as a clerk and student-at-law. George had accepted laughingly, and thereby removed a burden from his uncle's mind.

Amberson himself, however, had not even a "tiny bit" though he got his consular appointment, and to take him to his post he found it necessary to borrow two hundred of his nephew's six hundred dollars. "It makes me sick, George," he said. "But I'd better get there and get that salary started. Of course Eugene would do anything in the world, and the fact is he wanted to, but I felt that—ah—under the circumstances—"

"Never!" George exclaimed, growing red. "I can't imagine one of the family—!" He paused, not finding it necessary to explain that "the family" shouldn't turn a man from the door and then accept favors from him. "I wish you'd take more."

Amberson declined. "One thing I'll say for you, young George; you haven't a stingy bone in your body. That's the Amberson stock in you—and I like it!"

He added something to this praise of his nephew on the day he left for Washington. He was not to return, but to set forth from the capital on the long journey to his post. George went with him to the station, and their farewell was lengthened by the train's being several minutes late.

"I may not see you again, George," Amberson said, and his voice was a little husky as he set a kind hand on the young man's shoulder. "It's quite probable that from this time on we'll only know each other by letter—until you're notified as my next of kin that there's an old valise to be forwarded to you, and perhaps some dusty curios from the consulate mantelpiece. Well, it's an odd way for us to be saying good-bye; one wouldn't have thought it, even a few years ago, but here we are, two gentlemen of elegant appearance in a state of bustle. We can't ever tell what will happen at all, can we? Life and money both behave like loose quicksilver in a nest of cracks. And when they're gone we can't tell where—or what the devil we did with 'em! But I believe I'll say now—while there isn't much time left for either of us to get embarrassed about it—I believe I'll say that I've always been fond of you. We all spoiled you terribly when you were a little boy—and let you grow up on principle—and I must say you took to it! But you've received a pretty heavy jolt, and I had enough of your disposition, myself, at your age, to understand a little of what cecksure youth has to go through inside when it finds that it can make terrible mistakes. Well, with my train coming into the shed, you'll forgive me for saying that there have been times when I thought you ought to be hanged—but I've always been fond of you, and now I like you! And just for a last word; there may be somebody else in this town who's always felt about you like that—fond of you, I mean, no matter how much it seemed you ought to be hanged. You might try—Hello, I must run. I'll send back the money as fast as they pay me—so, good-bye and God bless you, George!"

He passed through the gates, waved his hat cheerily from the other side of the iron screen, and was lost from sight in the hurrying crowd. And as he disappeared, an unexpected poignant loneliness fell upon his nephew so heavily and so suddenly that he had no energy to recoil from the shock. It seemed to him that the last fragment of his familiar world had disappeared, leaving him all alone forever.

He walked homeward slowly through what appeared to be the strange city, and, as a matter of fact, the city was strange to him. He had seen little of it during his years in college, and then had followed the long absence and his tragic return. Since that he had been "scarcely outdoors at all" as Fanny complained, warning him

that his health would suffer, and he had been downtown only in a closed carriage. He had not realized the great change.

The streets were thunderous, a vast energy heaved under the universal coating of dirtiness. George walked through the begrimed crowds of hurrying strangers and saw no face that he remembered. Great numbers of faces were even of a kind he did not remember ever to have seen; they were partly like the old type that his boyhood knew, and partly like types he knew abroad. He saw German eyes with American wrinkles at their corners; he saw Irish eyes and Neapolitan eyes, Roman eyes, Tuscan eyes, eyes of Lombardy, of Savoy, Hungarian eyes, Balkan eyes, Scandinavian eyes—all with a queer American look in them. He saw Jews who were no longer German or Russian or Polish Jews. All the people were soiled by the smoke-mist through which they hurried, under the heavy sky that hung close upon the new skyscrapers, and nearly all seemed hurried by something impending, though here and there a woman with bundles would be laughing to a companion about some adventure of the department store, or perhaps an escape from the charging traffic of the streets—and not infrequently a girl, or a free-and-easy young matron, found time to throw an encouraging look to George.

He took no note of these, and, leaving the crowded sidewalks, turned



"There Have Been Times When I Thought You Ought to Be Hanged."

north into National avenue, and presently reached the quieter but no less begrimed region of smaller shops and old-fashioned houses. Those latter had been the homes of his boyhood playmates, old friends of his grandfather had lived here—in this alley he had fought with two boys at the same time, and whipped them; in that front yard he had been successfully teased into temporary insanity by a Sunday school class of pinky little girls. On that sagging porch a laughing woman had fed him and other boys with doughnuts and gingerbread; yonder he saw the staggered relics of the iron picket fence he had made his white pony jump, on a dare, and in the shabby, stone-faced house behind the fence he had gone to children's parties, and, when he was a little older, he had danced there often, and fallen in love with Mary Sharon, and kissed her, apparently by force, under the stairs in the hall. The double front doors, of meaninglessly carved walnut, once so glossily varnished, had been painted smoke gray, but the smoke grime showed repulsively, even on the smoke gray; and over the doors a smoked sign proclaimed the place to be a "Stag hotel."

This was the last "walk home" he was ever to take by the route he was now following: up National avenue to Amberson addition and the two big old houses at the foot of Amberson boulevard, for tonight would be the last night that he and Fanny were to spend in the house which the Major had forgotten to deed to Isabel. Tomorrow they were to "move out," and George was to begin his work in Bronson's office. He had not come to this collapse without a fierce struggle—but the struggle was inward, and the rolling world was not agitated by it, and rolled calmly on. For of all the "deaths of life" which the world, in its rolling, inconsiderately flattens out to nothingness, the least likely to retain a profile is that ideal which depends upon inheriting money. George Amberson, in spite of his record of failures in business, had spoken shrewdly when he realized at last that money, like life, was "like quicksilver in a nest of cracks." And his nephew had the awakening experience of seeing the great Amberson estate vanishing into such a nest—in a twinkling; it seemed, now that it was indeed so utterly vanished.

On this last homeward walk of his, when George reached the entrance to Amberson addition—that is, when he came to where the entrance had formerly been—he gave a little start, and halted for a moment to stare. This was the first time he had noticed that the stone pillars, marking the entrance, had been removed. Then he realized that for a long time he had been conscious of a queerness about this corner without being aware of what made the difference. National

avenue met Amberson boulevard here at an obtuse angle, and the removal of the pillars made the boulevard seem a cross street of no overpowering importance—certainly it did not seem to be a boulevard!

George walked by the Mansion hurriedly, and came home to his mother's house for the last time.

Emptiness was there, too, and the closing of the door resounded through bare rooms; for downstairs there was no furniture in the house except a kitchen table in the dining room, which Fanny had kept "for dinner," she said, though as she was to cook and serve that meal herself George had his doubts about her name for it. Upstairs, she had retained her own furniture, and George had been living in his mother's room, having sent everything from his own to the auction. Isabel's room was still as it had been, but the furniture would be moved with Fanny's to new quarters in the morning. Fanny had made plans for her nephew as well as herself; she had found a "three-room kitchenette apartment" in an apartment house where several old friends of hers had established themselves—elderly widows of citizens once "prominent" and other retired gentry. People used their own "kitchenettes" for breakfast and lunch, but there was a table-d'hôte arrangement for dinner on the ground floor; and after dinner bridge was played all evening, an attraction powerful with Fanny. She had "made all the arrangements," she reported, and nervously appealed for approval, asking if she hadn't shown herself "pretty practical" in such matters. George acquiesced absent-mindedly, not thinking of what she said and not realizing to what it committed him.

He began to realize it now, as he wandered about the dismantled house; he was far from sure that he was willing to live in a "three-room apartment" with Fanny and eat breakfast and lunch with her (prepared by herself in the "kitchenette") and dinner at the table d'hôte in "such a pretty Colonial dining room" (so Fanny described it) at a little round table they would have all to themselves in the midst of a dozen little round tables which other relics of disrupted families would have all to themselves. For the first time, now that the change was imminent, George began to develop before his mind's eye pictures of what he was in for; and they appalled him. He decided that such a life-voiced upon the sheerly unbearable, and that after all there were some things left that he just couldn't stand. So he made up his mind to speak to his aunt about it at "dinner," and tell her that he preferred to ask Bronson to let him put a sofa-bed, a trunk and a folding rubber bathtub behind a screen in the dark rear room of the office.

But at "dinner" Fanny was nervous, and so distressed about the failure of her efforts with sweetbreads and macaroni; and she was so eager in her talk of how comfortable they would be "by this time tomorrow night."

After "dinner" he went upstairs, moving his hand slowly along the smooth walnut railing of the balustrade. Half way to the landing he stopped, turned, and stood looking down at the heavy doors masking the black emptiness that had been the library. Here he had stood on what he now knew was the worst day of his life; here he had stood when his mother passed through that doorway, hand-in-hand with her brother, to learn what her son had done.

He went on more heavily, more slowly; and, more heavily and slowly still, entered Isabel's room and shut the door. He did not come forth again, and bade Fanny good-night through the closed door when she stopped outside it later.

"I've put all the lights out, George," she said. "Everything's all right."

"Very well," he called. "Good night, Aunt Fanny."

His voice had a strangled sound in spite of him; but she seemed not to notice it, and he heard her go to her own room and lock herself in with bolt and key again; burglars. She had said the one thing she should not have said just then: "I'm sure your mother's watching over you, George." She had meant to be kind, but it destroyed his last chance for sleep that night. He would have slept little if she had not said it, but since she had said it he did not sleep at all. For he knew that it was true—if it could be true—that his mother, if she still lived in spirit, would be weeping on the other side of the wall of silence, weeping and seeking for some gate to let her through so that she could come and "watch over him."

He felt that if there were such gates they were surely barred; they were like those awful library doors downstairs, which had shut her in to begin the suffering to which he had consigned her.

The room was still Isabel's. Nothing had been changed; even the photographs of George, of the Major and of "brother George" still stood on her dressing table, and in a drawer of her desk was an old picture of Eugene and Lucy, taken together, which George had found but had slowly closed away again from sight, not touching it. Tomorrow everything would be gone; and he had heard there was not long to wait before the house itself would be demolished. The very space which tonight was still Isabel's room would be cut into new shapes by new walls and floors and ceilings; yet the room would always live, for it could not die out of George's memory. It would live as long as he did, and it would always be murmurous with a tragic, wistful whispering.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Birthdays

—Little things make life worth living.
—A silver cup for the baby—a remembrance for mother, sister or sweetheart. A gift from our store is prized much—is beautiful; lasts long.
—Our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY

Typewriters

All makes Rented, Repaired, Sold.
Write for prices—\$7.50 to \$100.
Utah Office and School Supply
32 W. 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah

GET KNOWLEDGE OF COUNTRY

Japanese School Children Go on Outings as Part of Their System of Education.

In Japan, beyond all other lands, the whole world goes out. Wherever the traveler wanders he meets crowds of people on the highways, Frederick Starr writes. These people fall into three well marked classes. Everywhere one sees school children on excursion. There may be half a dozen with one teacher or there may be hundreds with their teachers. They are out to view the landscape, to see places famous in the national history, to visit the scenes of old legends, to examine in detail the various processes of art industries. It is considered as important a part of the school curriculum that the children should see things and become acquainted with nature, with national history and with practical sources of wealth as it is that they should know arithmetic, grammar or history. They are out for an hour, a day, a week, or a vacation period. When I first visited Miyajima I met a group of 40 school boys with two teachers, who had already been two weeks on their excursion and had seen many interesting things on their way to the exposition at Fukuoka, in the southern islands. The night before they had been traveling until after midnight and now they had before them a journey which would keep them up until the early hours of the morning; although they were so tired that they could hardly stand they were full of enthusiastic anticipation for the experiences that lay ahead. The Japanese are very wise in making these excursions an important feature of their school system.

FOR SALE—We have in this vicinity a high-grade piano, also latest model player-piano, used but in perfect condition, practically new, which we will sell at an attractive figure and on practically their own terms, to responsible parties, rather than ship back. Write today to Consolidated Music Co., 13 to 19 East First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

SEES SIGNS IN EVERYTHING

Average Serbian Superstitious to a Degree That to Westerners Seems Almost Incomprehensible.

The daily life of the Serbian is said to be full of superstition. He is superstitious about the manner in which he rises in the morning, about what first meets his sight, how he dresses and washes and whom he meets—of what food he eats and the time and manner of serving throughout the entire day. Attention is also paid to whether the cocks crow in time, whether dogs bark much, if frogs croak or the wind blows. Again, special notice is taken of the kind of rain that falls, thunder, how stars shine, if the moon has a halo, if it shines through a cloud, etc., etc.

The "Evil Eye" is alone accountable for disease and death. The Serbian believes that for each malady that flesh is heir to God has given a remedy. He believes that for each pain there is a healing herb. He believes in witches—beautiful young maidens who come forth from the dew and are nourished in a mysterious mountain. They meet in the branches of trees and are most dangerous at supper time.

Armado as a Pet.

In Argentina a common household pet is the small armadillo called mico, which is only about 15 inches long. Doctor Bergner says that when it rolls itself into a ball its unarmored legs disappear into the shell and the head closes it securely.

The animal cannot straighten out its body. It has a singular tripping gait upon the tips of two toes on which the claws are longer than the others. Children play with it by rolling it about like a ball or letting it run on a board in order to enjoy its funny gait.

It is quite harmless, soon gets tame, and eats out of the children's hands.—Scientific American.

Chinese Wheelbarrows.

Probably more freight and more passengers are transported in China by the wheelbarrow than by any other land method. The wheelbarrow there used differs from that used by us, in the fact that the wheel is set in the center, and thus supports practically the entire load, while the handles are supported in part by a strap or rope over the shoulders of the man who operates it. As a result, the wheelbarrow cooie in China will transport nearly a half-ton on his vehicle.

Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

The KITCHEN CABINET

He was so human! Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sat an equal guest at every board,
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bore
At mankind's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.

PIE GREAT AMERICAN DESSERT.

No matter what filling a pie contains, if the shell or crust is not flaky, rich and tasty the pie is a failure.

A Good Plain Paste.—Use one and one-half cupsful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, six tablespoonfuls of fat and just cold water enough to mix well. Cut in the fat with two knives until it is fine and well mixed. Reserve a half cupful of this mixture and add the water to the rest; roll out a piece large enough to take the half cupful well sprinkled over it, then fold sides to the center, then ends to the center, and cut in halves. Roll out the under crust, add the filling and put on the thinly rolled upper crust. This method gives a very flaky crust with less than the usual pastry.

Mother's Apple Pie.—Fill the prepared pastry shell with sliced apples, add two or three tablespoonfuls of water and place the top crust. Bake and then carefully with a sharp knife cut around the crust and remove the top. Add sugar, spice, a tablespoonful of butter and replace the top. This pie will never run over and lose its sweetness on the oven bottom.

Fruit Pie.—This pie is best made with fresh fruit, but a cupful and a half of currants, raspberries, blueberries, or, in fact, any kind that has been put up uncooked will do. The recipe calls for one cupful of crushed fruit, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolks of two eggs and a little salt; put into the shell and bake, covering with a meringue made from the whites. The shell may be baked, the fruit cooked, then the meringue placed on top and browned and the pie is ready to serve. Either method will result in a good pie.

Ethereal Apple Pie.—Bake eight large tart apples and put them through a sieve, chill, then add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and the whites of five eggs beaten stiff. Add a pinch of salt to the eggs when beaten. Add to the apple and bake in a buttered pudding dish. Serve with cream and sugar. This shell-less pie will be good for those who cannot enjoy pastry.

People have to live first before they can see, and they don't think until they are fed, and one needs always to have had enough turnips and cabbages to eat without the troubling about the getting them, in order to see in them anything except food.—Mrs. Wilkins.

FAVORITE FRENCH DISHES.

As for the French cook his business in life is to extract the utmost possibility from every article on the menu and present it in the most attractive form.

Bouillabaisse.—With any fish, such as cod, fresh mackerel or any

fine-grained fish will answer for this dish, although originally several sorts were generally used. Allow three pounds of fishfillets, mince two onions and one parsnip cut fine and fry them until a light brown. Add two large tomatoes, a bit of garlic, the juice of a lemon, half a teaspoonful of powdered saffron, some sprigs of parsley, and a bay leaf. Add one quart of boiling water and a cupful of light grape juice; cover closely and cook 20 minutes. Place sliced toasted bread in the soup tureen, pour in the fish with the soup and serve hot.

Apple Charlotte.—Peel and core ten fine apples and mince them fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add one cupful of sugar, the grated rind of a half a lemon and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Stew in this sirup until they are soft. Mash fine, add two tablespoonfuls of apricot marmalade and let it cool. Butter a large mold, cut thin strips of bread, dip them in melted butter and line a mold, letting them lap a little. For the bottom lay the strips in the form of a star. Fill the mold with the prepared apple, cover with a large slice of buttered bread and bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. Turn out on a plate and dust with powdered sugar.

Undoubtedly, we believe that spiritual virtues should concern us more nearly than material ones; but equally do we believe that if a thing be done, it had best be well done, except it be a canvas back duck; and no housewife ever lost her title to future bliss through the keeping of a good table while she was on earth.—Owen Wister.

A WILDERNESS OF SWEETS.

Tortes are the cakes par excellence. They are rich in nuts, eggs, and crumbs, and when carefully made and baked are especially toothsome.

Walnut Torte.—Beat the yolks of six eggs with one cupful of sugar, add one-fourth of a pound of ground walnut meats and six grated lady fingers, two tablespoonfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the juice and rind of half a lemon, cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites and bake in layers in a moderate oven.

Filling.—Beat one egg yolk, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of milk; cook, stirring until the mixture coats the spoon; add three-fourths of a pound of chopped walnuts with a teaspoonful of vanilla for flavoring; put between the layers and on top.

Date Torte.—Rub 16 sliced dates to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat two whole eggs and seven yolks, add one and three-fourths cupfuls of sugar, beat well, add the dates, three tablespoonfuls of chocolate, and one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice, and a cupful of cracker crumbs; stir well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of seven eggs. Bake in a large spring-erle form.

Moss Torte.—Beat ten yolks of eggs with one cupful of powdered sugar until light; add a portion of six ounces of finely ground almonds and lastly the beaten whites of seven eggs. Bake in layers and use sweetened and flavored whipped cream for filling.

Angel Food.—Beat one cupful of egg whites until stiff, adding a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Sift one cupful of sifted flour with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, add one cupful of sugar lightly to the beaten whites, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of flavoring, then fold in the flour. Bake in a tube pan 50 to 60 minutes in a moderate oven. A layer cake (unless a torte) needs a quicker oven than a loaf cake. When putting a cake in the pan, especially a loaf cake, always leave a depression in the center, as it will rise first there, and make a hump; this method results in a flat, even shaped loaf.

Do you covet learning's prize,
Climb her heights and take it;
In ourselves our future lies—
Life is what we make it.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

In the time of year when chestnuts are in season the pudding par excellence is

Nesselrode Pudding.—Make a custard of three cupfuls of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and four egg yolks; cook, strain and cool; add one pint of

thin cream, one-fourth of a cupful of pineapple sirup and one and one-half cupfuls of blanched chestnuts cooked soft in boiling water and put through a sieve. Line a two-quart melon mold with part of the mixture; to the remainder add one-half cupful of candied fruit cut in small pieces, one-quarter of a cup of sultana raisins and eight chestnuts broken in pieces and soaked in maraschino sirup for several hours. Fill the mold, cover, put in salt and ice and let stand two hours. Serve with whipped cream flavored with maraschino sirup.

Jellied Chicken.—Dress, clean and cut up a four-pound fowl. Put in a saucepan with two slices of onion; cover with boiling water and cook

slowly until the meat falls from the bones. When partly cooked add a half tablespoonful of salt. Remove the chicken, reduce the stock to three-fourths of cupful, strain and skim off the fat. Decorate the bottom of the mold with parsley and hard-cooked eggs, sliced. Pack in the meat, freed from skin and bone and sprinkled with salt and pepper. Pour over the stock and place the mold under a heavy weight. Keep in a cold place until firm. In warm weather add a teaspoonful of gelatin to the stock.

Nellie Maxwell

LATEST STYLES IN GOWNS AND HATS

From all signs this will be a decisive season in Paris in so far as fashion creation is concerned. The designers seem to have taken on their old accustomed stride. They have turned their efforts unreservedly to leadership in the world of style.

To aid them in this crucial moment there are arriving from the United States, from South America, and from England hosts of buyers and fashion experts to watch the latest developments. This is almost a new experience. At least it is a revived experience, for through the last five years only the most favored of buyers have been allowed to cross the water and only a few of the dressmakers have kept up their work with anything like pre-war vigor.

American women during the war have developed a style all their own. They are dressing now as suits the climate and their life and their pursuits, which are quite different from the French woman's. And one sympathizes with the buyers, who wonder whether their clients at home will refuse to accept the wonderful things brought over from France. If their

than anything America has ever worn or even dreamed about. You hear it said that the Parisians are wearing their skirts very long, but when you see them with their skirts actually extending just below their knees, so that when their arms are raised the skirt pulls above the knee, you know what a short skirt really is. It is easy on material and is extremely good looking when the figure of the wearer can stand the strain. The skirts are tight, too, but what matters that when their length is what it is? No trouble about taking a good, long step in a dress of this character. Then the coats, when it is a suit, reach almost to the bottom of the skirts, leaving, in fact, only about two or three inches of the skirt to be seen. The coats are either strictly tailored or they show a little fullness about the hips. That tells a story of forthcoming fullnesses of even greater volume.

It is so with the dresses. Always there is a slight gathering of extra material where the hips join the waist. It is the panner that is greeting us on the broad highway of fashion. As yet it is not large enough nor full enough



An afternoon hat of unusual merit. The skeleton ostrich feathers make a striking trimming for this exquisite headgear of velvet.

eyes are trained only for beauty they will be dazzled into letting all their accumulated notions of dress go by the board and the conservatives at home will not be suited.

At this time of the year all of France, as all of the rest of the world, seeks a cool spot; and so it is at Deauville and the other resorts by the seaside that one looks upon the fashionably arrayed crowd of women and is able to gain some idea of the trend of the times as regards dress. They are wearing the very latest things from a French point of view, and, of course, the majority of the fall fashions will follow in some respects the lines favored just now.

Skirts Are Very Short.
Well, the tendency is all in the direction of the skirts that are shorter

to be alarming, though there are rumors of hoops about the hips and even about the bottoms of the skirts.

Sleeves Are Scant.
The sleeves now in vogue can hardly be called sleeves. They actually are just a little strip of material over the top of the shoulder. In most instances that is all, and the Parisians wear them fearlessly for morning and afternoon. In the evening there is no sign to be seen of sleeves.

Even the blouses for wear with tailored suits are scantily equipped as to sleeves. They will be quite high at the neck, buttoning up under the chin most uncomfortably on a hot day, and then they will have these little, inadequate sleeves—that is, they are inadequate for anything except setting off a good-looking arm.

Favorite Color Combination.

Black and white is by all odds the favorite color combination at the French resorts at this time of the year. Black and white stripes, since early spring, have been very good for separate silk dresses and for suits, as well as for topcoats. Now the new woolly fabrics are appearing, and they show these stripes in wide and narrow arrangements.

Then there is the black gown with the white hat; that is the most effective. This season they are wearing over the white hat, which is sans trimming, a black, lacy veil. This makes the costume even more effective. The veil does not necessarily cover the face—in fact, it rarely does—but its lacy pattern is so distributed that the white showing through the black transparent pattern makes a trimming of its own.

Hats Without Trimming.
The hats, as a forecast of fall headgear, are mostly without trimming. The style is all in the line, but how that line is obtained is a complete mystery. Upon examination the riddle

only becomes more complicated. There seems to be nothing there except a band of something stiff to fit about the head. The crown and the brim are entirely without inner stiffening or frame. The trick does not allow for explanation. It is all in the wizard who causes it to be. Yet, when this seeming mass of velvet or satin is put on the head it takes a shape and form that commend it to any wearer. It seems to have been made to set off at its best that face alone, and while you cannot say that the hat is round or oval or square or long, still it has shape.

The felt blocked hats worn with midseason gowns are round as to crown and as to brim as well. The brim turns up at the same distance all the way round and the only trimming for the hat is a silk band of the same color. Hats of this character in beige and taupe worn with navy blue suits are effective. Then there is another variation of this hat done in duvetyne. One of royal blue was worn with a gray serge suit.

Was Laid Up In Bed

Doan's, However, Restored Mrs. Vogt to Health and Strength. Harn's Suffered Since.

"I had one of the worst cases of kidney complaint imaginable," says Mrs. Vogt, 6215 Audrey Ave., Doan's, "and I was laid up in bed for days at a time."

"My bladder was inflamed and the kidney secretions caused terrible pain. My back was in such bad shape that when I moved the pains were like a knife-thrust. I got so dizzy I couldn't stoop and my head just throbbled with pain. Heads of purpuration would stand on my temples, then I would become cold and numb. My heart action was affected and I felt as if I couldn't take another breath. I got so nervous and run down, I felt life wasn't worth living and I wished that I might die so my suffering would be ended. Medicine failed to help me and I was discouraged."

"Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I could tell I was being helped after the first few doses. I kept getting better every day and continued use cured me. My health improved in every way and after all, the cure has been permanent. I feel that Doan's saved my life. I swear to before me."

HENRY E. SUKRAM, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

YOU CAN'T CUT OUT A BOG SPRAIN OR THOROUGHPIN

but you can clean them off promptly with

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.50 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Flayed Glads, Wounds, Cuts, Ailurs gain quickly. Price \$1.25 a bottle at drug stores or delivered. Made in the U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

THE "BLUES"

Caused by

Acid-Stomach

Millions of people who worry, are despondent, have spells of mental depression, feel blue and are often melancholy, believe that these conditions are due to outside influences over which they have little or no control. Nearly always, however, they can be traced to an internal source—acid-stomach, beginning with such well defined symptoms as indigestion, belching, heartburn, flatulency, etc., will, if not checked, in time affect to some degree or other all the vital organs. The nervous system becomes deranged. Digestion and strength are undermined. The victim of the cause of his ailments, feels his hope, courage, ambition and energy slipping. And truly life is dark—not worth much to the man or woman who has acid-stomach! Get rid of it! Don't let acid-stomach hold you back, wreck your health, make your days miserable, make you a victim of the "blues" and gloomy thoughts! There is a marvelous modern remedy called EATONIC that brings, oh! such quick relief from your stomach misery—sets your stomach to rights—makes it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. Helps you get back your strength, vigor, vitality, enthusiasm and energy. Check it! So many thousands upon thousands of sufferers have used EATONIC with such marvelously helpful results that we are sure you will feel the same way if you will just give it a trial. Get a big 50 cent box of EATONIC—the good tasting tablets that you eat like a bit of candy—from your drugist store. He will return your money if results are not even more than you expect.

EATONIC

(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

Cuticura Soap

IS IDEAL

For the Hands

Soap No. 1, Ointment No. 2, 50c, Talcum No. 3, Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura," Dept. E, Boston.

Texas Oil Leases—Play the game safe. Invest \$77.50 in five acre tracts in Hardeman Co. Many well drilled. Map and Geological report free. Box 417, Quanah, Texas.

500% Saved—Toilet Preparations—Men. Women, our purest, most potent drugs make 10 oz. Egyptian Complex Beauty, or Hair Tonic, 25c. Egyptian Chem. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 41-1919.

She Agrees.

"I am not worthy of you—not worthy. I am not worthy of you—"

"All right, George, go ahead," interposed the girl sweetly. "We've got that much settled."—Louisville Courier—Journal.

GOODBY, WOMEN'S TROUBLES

The tortures and discomforts of weak, lame and aching back, swollen feet and limbs, weakness, dizziness, nausea, as a rule have their origin in kidney trouble, not "female complaints." These general symptoms of kidney and bladder disease are well known—so is the remedy.

Next time you feel a twinge of pain in the back or are troubled with headache, indigestion, insomnia, irritation in the bladder or pain in the loins and lower abdomen, you will find quick and sure relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarleml Oil Capsules. This old and tried remedy for kidney trouble and allied derangements has stood the test for hundreds of years. It does the work. Pains and troubles vanish and new life and health will come as you continue their use. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day.

GOLD MEDAL Haarleml Oil Capsules are imported from the laboratories at Haarleml, Holland. Do not accept a substitute. In sealed boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Combination.

"What has become of your Anti-Tobacco League?"

"The price of tobacco jumped so that we merged it into the Personal Economy League."

MURINE

Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, If Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, Use Murine.

Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Red Crown Gasoline
And STANDARD OIL Products.
SIERRA MADRE GARAGE, Sole Agents.
Milton Steinberger, Prop. Phone Main 110

J. C. WHYTE
Transfer and Express

FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.
PHONE BLUE 55 148 N. MT. TRAIL

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

LET US RENT your Furnished House or Apartment. The demand is getting greater.
A. N. ADAMS
Phone Black 8. 22 North Baldwin Ave.

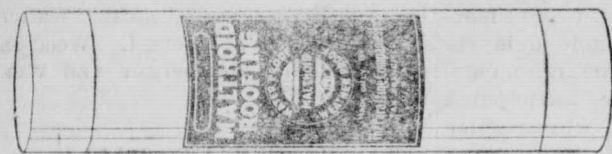
Chicken Feed.

Get your COULSON EGG MASH and BUTTERMILK MASH from us. There is nothing better. TRY IT.

Fancy Rabbit and Goat Alfalfa
Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.
A. OLSEN, Prop. 97 E. Montecito.

PHONE MAIN 50

Roofing Paper



Three Grades—1-2-3 Fly in each grade, Ranging in Price from \$2.00 to \$5.50 per Sq.

THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.
W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

Buy Poultry Feed, Grain, Hay,

POULTRY REMEDIES, HOG FEED, ETC., AT LOWEST PRICES

J. W. STRICKLAND

139 ESPERANZA STREET Tel. Red 143

NEWS LINERS PAY



Red Crown gasoline is high quality, full-powered—every drop. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)

The Gasoline of Quality

O R GOOD, Spl. Agt., Standard Oil Co., Monrovia, California

NO FIX, NO PAY;
WE'RE HERE TO STAY.

We can't sell you gold dollars for 98c, but we can do as good a repair job as anyone in this country. ALL MAKES OF CARS REPAIRED AND GUARANTEED.
STUDEBAKER AND BUICK EXPERTS.

HAMMERSTROM & DAVIS

23 East Central Ave. Phone, Blue 8. Sierra Madre, California.

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher
MRS. W. R. LEES, Local Editor.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.

ADVERTISING RATES
Per inch.....20c
Front page, per inch.....25c
Wantads, per line.....05c
Subscription \$2.00, Yearly in Advance Six months.....\$1.00
Paper Stopped at Expiration.

Telephone - - - Black 42

FO'WAD MA'CH!

Jes' buckle on yo amab,
Tho' taigt a 'golden swo'd';
An' yo aint a pow'ful chamah,
Hab'n lots ob cash all sto'd.
Dis am now des time to hustle,
W'en yo knows jes' whet yo is;
Yo won' hab much time to rustle,
W'en de sun ob jedgment's riz.
Lots ob good we-all kin do,
Ef we on'ly see it right;
Ole satan's watchin', too,
To win,—we'se got to fight.
—A. L. Soran.

AT THE CHURCHES

Church of the Ascension

The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector
Sunday Services.
Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.
Evening Prayer, 7:30 p. m.

Congregational

"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister
129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.
9:45 a. m. Sunday School,
11:00 a. m. Morning Worship and Sermon. Subject:
"The Bible We Accept."
7:30 Evening Service. Subject:
"Wealth,"—second in the series on "The Furniture of Life."
At 3 p. m. Tuesday next, the Auxiliary of the Congregational Church will meet in the church parlor. Mrs. George A. Andrews of Los Angeles will give a talk on one of the textbooks of the Inter-Church World Movement. Mrs. Lord, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Marie Watson and Mrs. I. S. Watson will give impressions of the District Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Societies, held at Los Angeles Oct. 30th. The meeting will close with a social tea.
Tickets for reserved seats for "Untangling Tony" will be on sale at Hapman's Drug Store on Thursday, November 13th.

Christian Science Society
Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.
Subject for Sunday morning:
"Adam and Fallen Man."

Bethany
Dr. A. W. Rawlings, Pastor.
9:45 a. m. Sunday School.
11:00 a. m. Morning Service.
6:00 p. m. Young Peoples Meeting.
7:30 p. m. Evening Service.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.
Bible Class at 2:30 p. m. Thursday, at Mrs. M. O. Downs on Victoria Lane.
The truth of the doctrine of the second coming of Christ is being abundantly proven by scripture of both the old and new testament.
All are welcome. Bring your Bibles, note books and pencils. Timothy 1: 2-5.

Theosophy.
A class for children in the study of Theosophy is held at 162 East Central Ave. on Sunday at 10 a. m. under the direction of Children's School of Theosophy, United Lodge of Theosophists. All are welcome. No charges or collections.

NEWS WANTED LINERS

LOST—Yale key. Finder please bring to News office. Reward. 6c

CALL UP—A. N. Adams, Real estate, if you want to sell your furniture. 6x

FOR SALE—Two 2 light electric fixtures. Phone Blue 33. 6x

CALL UP—A. N. Adams, Real estate, if you want to sell your home or rent it furnished. 6x

HOUSEWORK WANTED—by capable white woman, three or four days a week. Inquire at 195 E. Central. 6-7

HELP WANTED—Experienced stenographer and bookkeeper. Easy position; moderate salary. Apply to A. N. Adams, Real estate. 6x

SCHOOL NEWS.
Editor, Christine Snell

The past two weeks of school have been filled with many interesting and happy events in connection with Hallowe'en.

The kindergarten Hallowe'en celebration included a birthday party, given in honor of the Ley twins. Many of the parents and friends of the children were present and the games and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

A party was also given for Harold Cluff of the first grade.

At last the work of enlarging the first grade room has been started and the class has been temporarily moved to the sloyd room.

The second grade room was very effectively decorated with golden rod and dahlias for their Hallowe'en party. They had a short program and then played games, a prize being awarded to the one who bit the apple on the string or pinned the tail on the cat.

The fifth grade had a merry party in the Kindergarten building on Friday afternoon. The king of the ghosts and the queen of the witches, with their minions gave a play. Suitable Hallowe'en refreshments were served after the games. This week the fifth grade geography class are studying New York City and are very busy gathering pictures and articles on the subject.

At the sixth grade party the students had their fortunes told by the queen of the witches and assisting actors, who gave a silhouette pantomime show called "Looking into the Future."

In connection with their study of California History, the sixth grade are now mixing and molding the adobe bricks for the mission which they are going to build. They are also collecting pictures of California for an illustrated lecture which they are soon to give.

Last Friday night the seventh and eighth grades had a real Hallowe'en masquerade. The program started with a grand march, which showed the costumes to advantage. In the ranks were ghosts, witches, robbers and clowns of all descriptions. The most clever of the makeups was the "mystery woman," who remained mute during the evening and who, when unmasked proved to be Raymond Jones. Most of the evening was spent in dancing and the audience was favored with several humorous selections by Myrtle Shipp.

No soot, no ashes, no work.
The Eclipse Gas Range, for sale by the Gas Company, eliminates all undesirable features in cooking.

TURKEYS FOR SALE—Nice fat, young corn-fed turkeys, 45c per lb. 65 E. Laurel Ave. 5-6*

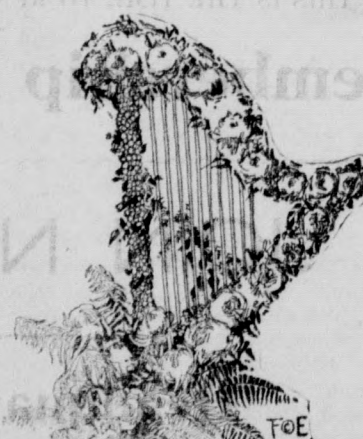
FOR SALE—Lot 50x200, Northeast corner of Highland and Auburn. A bargain at \$750, cash. Must sell. See A. N. Adams, real estate, for particulars. 6x

FURNITURE WANTED—Highest price paid for second hand furniture. Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. tf

BREEDING COCKRELS—Barred and White Rocks; R. I. Reds; Orpingtons Minorcas; Buff, White and Brown Leghorns. Day old chicks in season. Enoch Crews, Seabright, Cal. 5-6*

STRAYED—Saturday, November 1st, from 207 Grove St., a female airedale 7 months old; tan face and legs, dark back. Answers to the name of "Lady." Phone any information to Green 134.

The Fire of an Opal is descriptive of the fascinating effect obtained from one of the Gas Company's new winter fireplace heaters, the Radiant-fire.



WARDS NURSERY
Phone, Blue 29.
Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

M. D. WELSHER
Central Market

Fresh Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

Specials for Saturday Only.

Olivezest, for lunches.....13c 2 for 25c
Deviled Olives, for lunches.....13c 2 for 25c
Minced Sardines, for lunches.....10c 3 for 25c
Horse Shoe Raisins.....16 oz pkg for 15c
Best Shoulder Pot Roast.....per lb 18c

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Fresh Every Morning.

FRESH FISH FRIDAYS.

WE CLOSE THURSDAY AT 12 O'CLOCK.

M. D. WELSHER
Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

Shoes

Good Serviceable School Shoes for Boys. Men's Work Shoes. Ladies' and Childrens' Rubbers.

Olsen's Shoe Store

34 N. Baldwin Ave. HENRY OLSEN, Prop.

Automobile Tops

Let us put one of our famous quality tops on your automobile, before the rainy season. Our prices are the lowest and we insist on perfect satisfaction with every customer.

Following are a few of our Sierra Madre patrons, to whom we refer:
W. E. Farman, Chris Shuttleworth, C. W. Jones, Rec Stanbury.
Drop us a line or phoneat our expense.

A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

Common Sense Tire and Auto Equipment Co., Inc.

34 WEST UNION ST., PASADENA
Near City Hall

FOR GOOD WORK

Let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888
Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

Prevent Early Fall Influenza

At the first sneeze or chilly feeling, take a dose of Hartman's Laxative Tablets. Delays are dangerous. For safety keep a box handy

The Sierra Madre Pharmacy

F. H. HARTMAN & SON
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. Baldwin Ave. Phone Black 25

Box and Bulk Candies

FRESH EACH WEEK.

SOFT DRINKS ICE CREAM MAGAZINES DAILY PAPERS CIGARS TOBACCO
DROP IN

First Door East P. O. Phone Green 85 **Pettitt's News Stand**

New Service Cars

We have just purchased new five and seven passenger cars to add to our livery service so that we are prepared to take care of all calls, long or short hauls.

POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL

Special rates to responsible parties by the week or month. Calls promptly answered, Day or Night

Sierra Madre Garage

PHONE MAIN 110 Milton Steinberger, Prop. 37-45 W. Central Ave.

Sardines for All Tastes

Saphire, in pure olive oil, can,	\$.25
Booth's in tomato sauce, can,	.24
Kipperd, Wespac, can,	.28
Underwood's in Mustard sauce, can,	.25
Shasta, in Olive and Peanut Oil, can,	.18
Lure, 2 cans for	.25
Sardines, in large size round can,	.15
Sardine Paste, for Sandwiches, can,	.10
Boned Smoked Herring in bulk,	

Specials for Saturday Only

Nucoa Nut Margarine, lb,	.35
Jevne's Hotel Blend Coffee, lb,	.40
White Navy Beans, lb,	.10
Prime Rib Beef Roast, lb,	.25
Choice Pot Roast, lb,	.22

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FRESH EVERY MORNING.
OPEN ALL DAY ON THURSDAYS.

Sierra Madre Department Store

Established 1887.

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12

291 W. Central Ave.

I OFFER SOME VERY CHOICE BUYS IN

Used Cars

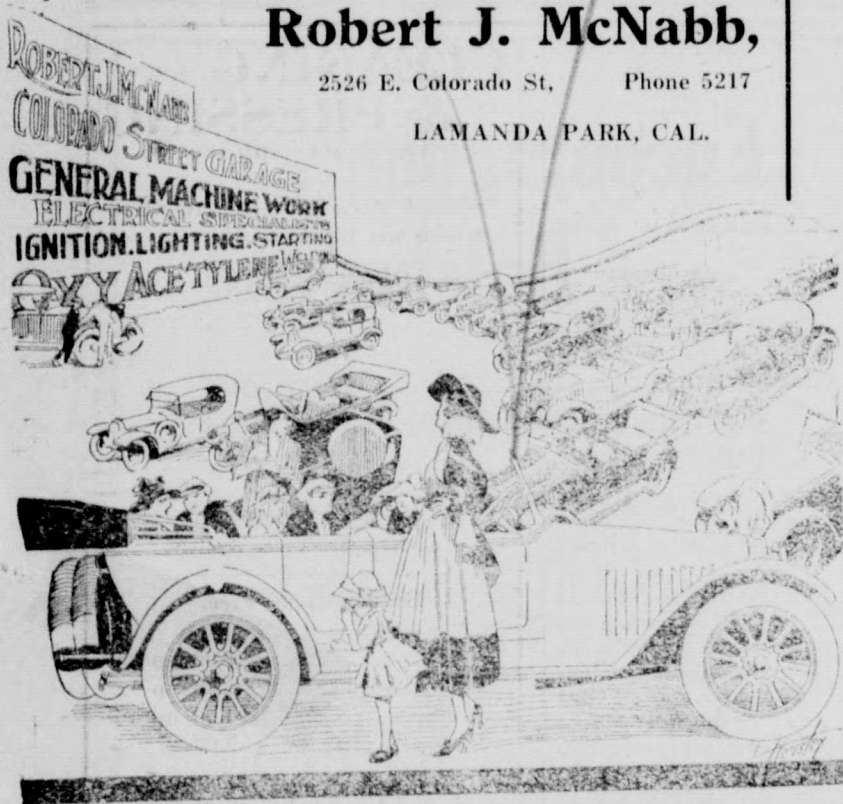
Most Popular Makes On Hand
At All Times Which may be Purchased
on Very Easy Terms, if Desired.

OR—
I Will Buy Your Used Car
And Pay Highest Market Price for
Cars of Late Model.

Robert J. McNabb,

2526 E. Colorado St. Phone 5217

LANAMDA PARK, CAL.



FARM AND CITY PROPERTY

ANDREWS & HAWKS

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Exchange 2

27 North Baldwin Avenue

FREE BARBECUE

Big FREE Street Dance

FREE Moving Picture Show

AT

Puente, Tuesd'y Nov 11

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF SIGNING OF ARMISTICE.

The Soldiers and Sailors of La Puente Valley will be honored in program and will entertain members of American Legion of Southern California. Pioneers of Puente will give special program to pioneers of surrounding country.

Free baseball, football and basketball games Free program of music and speaking. Free exhibit of Southland soil products, goats and poultry. Free automobile, truck, tractor and implement show. Free exhibition of airplane flights.

The Puente Valley citizens are celebrating the return of their Soldiers and Sailors and rejoicing in the unprecedented prosperity of the incomparable valley in which they live.

YOU ARE WELCOME AT PUENTE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Los Angeles citizens take
Pomona busses and South-
ern Pacific trains.

Auspices of La Puente Valley
Community League.
S. L. Watts, Pres.

LOCAL NOTES

S. Q. Croxson returned Wednesday from a business trip to Calexico.

The Dickens Fellowship will meet with Mrs. J. F. Mason on Wednesday, Nov. 12th.

Mrs. George Oswald has accepted the position of correspondent for the Pasadena Post.

A lot of new wantads this week and you might find just what you wanted. Look them over.

J. P. Quinn and family have rented a cottage on North Lima and expect to remain for the winter.

George Bergen and family of Long Beach spent Sunday with his father, C. C. Bergen, on Victoria Lane.

Mrs. Nevada Huff of Los Angeles has rented a cottage on North Adams and will remain for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Carter came down from Big Bear and spent the week-end with Mrs. N. C. Carter.

The ladies of the St. Rita's Church will hold a sale of cooked foods on November 15th, at Welsch's store.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Andrews left on Sunday for a motor trip to Santa Barbara and will be gone several days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Merrill have been entertaining Mr. Merrill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Merrill of Morgan Hill.

Mrs. George S. Stevens has returned to her home in Long Beach after spending three weeks in Sierra Madre.

Andrews & Hawks announce the sale of a lot in Sierra Madre Canyon to Mrs. L. N. Cline, who has started building.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Dickson from Ste. Agathe des Monts, Canada, have rented Mrs. F. Wright's residence for six months.

A smoker for the men of the parish of the Church of the Ascension was given last evening in the kindergarten building.

Mr. Cox of Nashville, Tenn., has purchased the Thurston bungalow on East Central avenue, which is now occupied by Rudolph Hartman.

Mrs. F. Backus has rented the bungalow at 72 East Montecito avenue. They are newcomers from Michigan and expect to remain for the winter.

Last Friday evening Miss Loraine Wright entertained with a dinner party for eight friends and later all attended the masquerade party at the Club House which was given by Miss Gladys Walker.

Last Thursday the Win-One Club met at the home of Mrs. James Forshaw. During the afternoon one of the members, Miss Gertrude Marsh, was the recipient of many useful and pretty gifts, and best wishes in anticipation of her approaching marriage.

Mrs. W. E. Walker attended a fine musical program last Thursday afternoon which was given at the Elks' Hall in Los Angeles by the Philanthropy and Civics Club. Over a hundred new members were taken in and delicious refreshments were served.

Mrs. Alvan Taylor of 43 Windsor Lane wishes to extend her thanks to the ladies who so kindly responded to the call of need by making her two comforts for her, thereby saving the strength required to sew for the five little ones who are blessing her home.

I. G. Carter, who has been deputy marshal in Sierra Madre Canyon for the past two years, will leave Sierra Madre this week and expects to go into the rabbit business extensively in Long Beach. J. T. McBree, his successor, has arrived and will live in the cottage vacated by Mr. Carter.

GIVES DANCING PARTY

A merry Halloween dancing party was given last Friday evening at the Woman's Club House by Miss Gladys Walker.

The guests were in mask and the Halloween colors and symbols in decorations and shaded lights appeared everywhere, while in various corners were bouquets of marigolds and cornstalks with lighted pumpkins underneath giving the effect of glowing caldrons.

One feature of the evening was the fortune telling booth, which was well patronized. During the dancing, confetti was distributed and the dancers had great fun showering each other.

Refreshments were also in keeping with the season, and favors were all-day suckers dressed as witches and daisy pins with pumpkin faces. About thirty guests were present.

POPULAR COUPLE WEDS

Last Saturday evening the marriage of Miss Nina Kellogg to Mr. James George Norris was solemnized at the Congregational Church, Rev. George A. Andrews, D. D., of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Los Angeles performing the ceremony, assisted by Rev. C. C. Wilson.

Ferns and greenery with roses transformed the church.

Sammy Schwartz, carrying the rings, and Dicy-Jane Lynch, clad in white and scattering rose petals from a basket, preceded the bride.

The bride was lovely in a gown of white georgette, with long tulle veil caught by orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses.

Miss Grace Pyle, maid of honor, wore pink georgette with hat, to match and carried pink roses.

The bridesmaids wore organdie, with hats to match and carried chrysanthemums to harmonize. Miss Yerde M. D. Appleby in blue, Miss Anna Kehlet in yellow, Miss Margaret Platt in orchid, Miss Marjorie Swezey in green, Miss Alice Kellogg in coral and Miss Leila Kellogg in lavender. Preceding the ceremony, Mrs. Bertha Rossister sang two solos and Miss Margaret McKee whistler, followed by Mrs. Alvin Dunn who sang "Oh Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly."

Miss Madge Becker played the wedding march and the recessional.

The best man was Mr. Raymond Huston and the ushers were Messrs. Gale Williams, Raymond Andrews, Bob Clark, Victor Hill, Byron Butler and Bryant Essick and all wore uniforms of the U. S. A.

After the ceremony the bridal party left for the home of Miss Grace Pyle in Pasadena, where a reception was held, about sixty guests attending.

The young couple left for a short honeymoon trip by auto, and on their return will make their home in Sierra Madre, where the groom is engaged in business with his father.

MARRIAGE OF WELL KNOWN COUPLE

Miss Brenda Harris was married in Los Angeles on Oct. 18th to Smith W. Loggins. The wedding was quietly performed with only a few friends present.

Both parties have resided here for some years, being well known among the younger set. Although both bride and groom were former residents of Vermont, living about ninety miles apart, they had never met until coming to California.

Their honeymoon was spent in Santa Barbara, and Mr. and Mrs. Loggins have established their home at 201 Adams street.

Mrs. Loggins was soloist in one of the largest church choir in Brooklyn, N. Y., before coming here five years ago.

Mr. Loggins is engaged in the auditing department of the Santa Fe Railroad.

MARRIED MONROVIA MAN.

Miss Gertrude Marsh, daughter of Mrs. M. Marsh of this place, and Mr. A. J. Mueller of Monrovia were married at the Ingille home in Monrovia by Rev. Henry A. Fisk, pastor of the Presbyterian church there. Only relatives and a few close friends were present.

The rooms were prettily decorated with ferns and roses. Following the ceremony refreshments were served and after receiving the best wishes of friends the young couple left on a short honeymoon.

PRE-NUPITAL EVENT

A charming affair was given last Thursday evening for Miss Nina Kellogg and Mr. George Norris at the home of Miss Marjorie Swezey in Pasadena.

One feature of the evening was the presentation of gifts which was done in rather a unique manner. A large beach umbrella was placed before a fireplace and hanging on the spokes were gifts for both. Underneath were stools upon which the honored guests sat and the others showered them with confetti. Dainty refreshments were served and the evening was spent in games.

GIVES SHOWER

Last Wednesday evening Miss Elsa Krafft entertained with a dinner and miscellaneous shower for Miss Nina Kellogg. Pink roses and pink satin bows were used in decorating the table, with placecards to match marking places for fourteen guests. The gifts were presented in a trunk and many beautiful things were inside. The evening was spent in music and games.

BARN PARTY

A jolly Halloween party was given at the barn belonging to Andrew Olsen by a number of girls composed of Esther Olsen, Bae Farman, Gladys Kimball, Virginia Jones, Hermina

GROCERIES and VEGETABLES

Specials for Saturday

Nuco Butterine, just received,	
Cold Storage Eggs, per doz,	65c
Hip-o-lite Marshmellow Cream	35c
Lighthouse Clams,	15c
Boneless Ham, per lb,	40c
Northern Spuds, 10 lbs,	40c

If you want your goods before noon, order must reach the store before 10 a.m. Later orders will be delivered in the afternoon.

OPEN THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BUT NO DELIVERY.

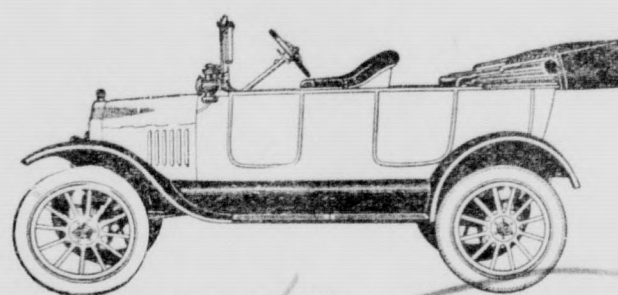
WE CLOSE AT 7:30 SATURDAY EVENING

C. M. Nomura

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR



New 1920 Model.

Equipped with Self Starter and Exide Battery.

Now on Display

in the Show Room of the

Sierra Madre Garage

MILTON STEINBERGER, PROPRIETOR.

Order Now for Prompt Delivery.

WALK-OVER

Walk-Over
FOOT FORM SHOES
For Children

Mothers who appreciate the necessity of having their children properly shod will be interested in our special-ized Foot Form shoes, built by specialists who understand the anatomy of children's feet. They are made of best wearing leather, strongly stitched on oak soles.

TAN AND DARK BROWN LEATHER	BUTTON OR LACE VARIOUS LEATHER
Sizes 6 to 8 \$3.25	Sizes 6 to 8 \$4.00
Sizes 9 to 11 3.75	Sizes 8 1-2 to 11 4.50
Sizes 11 1-2 to 2 4.00	Sizes 11 1-2 to 2 5.00

**Bassett's
WALK-OVER
Store**

36 E. Colorado St
PASADENA, CAL

"WALKOVERS
FOR
QUALITY.
BASSETT'S
FOR
SERVICE."

PURE MILK

Phone us for pure sanitary Milk, Cream and Buttermilk.
Early delivery—always there in time for breakfast.

BEMAY DAIRY

Phone, Green 85.

ROBT W. GRADY, Prop.

and Ena Skvarla, Mattie and Helen Seelye, Margaret Preston and Lola Sebre.

The guests were asked to participate in all stunts and time-honored customers observed on this occasion such as bobbing for apples, horror chamber and spiritualist meeting, followed by dancing and games of all sorts.

Decorations contributed to the realism of the Halloween fun, tall cornstalks being used in profusion with festoons of black and yellow

strings, pumpkins and dimmed lights. Refreshments were in keeping with the season, being pumpkin pies, doughnuts and cider. About thirty were present.

GOOD USED CAR.

A Chevrolet touring car in good condition for sale cheap. See Milton Steinberger at the Sierra Madre Garage.

Read the Wantads.

PIECES OF EIGHT:

BEING THE AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A TREASURE DISCOVERED IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS—IN THE YEAR 1903—NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

Richard Le Gallienne

COPYRIGHT BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

Synopsis—The man who tells this story—call him the hero, for short—is visiting his friend John Saunders, British official in Nassau, Bahamas Islands. Charlie Webster, a local merchant, completes the trip of friends. Conversation turning upon buried pirate treasure, Saunders produces a written document purporting to be the death-bed statement of Henry P. Tobias, a successful pirate, made by him in 1859. It gives two spots where two millions and a half of treasure were buried by him and his companions. The conversation of the three friends is overheard by a stranger, whose face is deeply pitted by small pox. The document disappears. Saunders, however, has a copy of it. The hero determines to go in search of the pirate treasure and charter the Maggie Darling, a trim two-masted schooner. The pock-marked man is taken on board as a passenger, bound for Spanish Wells. Old Tom catches a "sucking fish," of great virtue as a mascot in connection with the seeking of buried pirate treasure.

CHAPTER V.

In Which We Begin to Understand Our Unwelcome Passenger.

As I yawned and looked out of my cabin soon after dawn, about 4:30 next morning, there was no wind at all, and no hope of wind.

As I stood out of the cabin hatch, however, there was enough breeze to flutter a piece of paper that had been caught in the mainsail halyard; it fluttered there lonely in the morning. Nothing else was astir but it and I and I took it up in my hand idly. As I did so George reared his head forward.

"Morning, George," I said; "I guess we've got to run on gasoline today."

"There ain't no gasoline, sir. It's run out in the night."

"The tanks were filled when we started, weren't they?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"We can't have used them up so soon."

"No, sir—but someone has turned the cocks."

I stood dazed for a moment, wondering how this could have happened—then a thought slowly dawned upon me.

"Who has charge of them?" I said.

George looked a little stupid, then defiant.

"I see," I said; and, suddenly, without remembering Charlie Webster's advice not to lose your temper with a negro—I realized that this was no accident, but a deliberate trick, something indeed in the nature of a miniature mutiny. That fluttering paper I had picked from the halyard lay near my breakfast table. I had only half read it. Now its import came to me with full force. I had no firearms with me. Having a quick temper, I have made it a habit all my life never to carry a gun—because they go off so easily. But one most essential part of a gentleman's education had been mine, so I applied it instantly on George, with the result that a well-directed blow under the peak of the jaw sent him sprawling, and for awhile speechless, in the cockpit.

"No gasoline?" I said.

And then my passenger—I must give him credit for the courage—put up his head forward, and called out:

"I protest against that; it's a cowardly outrage. You wouldn't dare to do it to a white man."

"Oh, I see," I rejoined. "So you are the author of this precious paper here, are you? Come over here and talk it over, if you've the courage."

"I've got the courage," he answered, in a shaking voice.

"All right," I said; "you're safe for the present—and, George, who is so fond of sleep, will take quite a nap for a while, I think."

"You English brute!" he said.

"You English brute!" he had said; and the words had impelled me to invite him aft; for I cannot deny a certain admiration for him that had mysteriously grown up in me.

"Come here!" I said, "for your life is safe for the time being. I would like to discuss this paper with you."

He came and we read it together, fluttering as I had seen it flutter in his fingers as he read it forward to the engineer and to the deckhand. It began:

"Think how many we are! Think what we could do! It isn't either that we haven't intelligence—if only we were to use it. We don't lack leaders—we don't lack courage—we don't lack martyrs; all are ready—"

I stopped reading.

"Why don't you start then?" I asked.

"We're waiting for Jamaica," he answered; "she's almost ready."

"It sounds a pretty good idea to me," I remarked, "from your point of view. From your point of view, remember, I said; but you mustn't think 'at yours' is mine—not for one moment—O dear no! On the contrary, my point of view is that of the gov-

ernor of Nassau, or his representative, quite nearby, at Harbour Island, isn't it?"

My pock-marked friend grew a trifle green as I said this.

"We have sails still, remember," I resumed. "George and the lost gasoline are not everything. Five hours, with anything of a wind, would bring us to Harbour Island, and—with this paper in my hand it would be—what do you think yourself? The galleys?"

My friend grew grave at that, and seemed to be thinking hard inside, making resolutions the full force of which I didn't understand till later, but the immediate result of which was a graciousness of manner which did not entirely deceive me.

"Oh," he said, "I don't think you quite mean that. You're impulsive—as when you hit that poor boy down there—"

"Well," I observed, "I'm willing to treat you better than you deserve. So, I'll say nothing about this, if you like" (pointing to the manuscript). "And if the wind holds, put you ashore tomorrow at Spanish Wells. I like you in spite of myself. Is it a bargain?"

On this we parted, and, as I thought, with a certain friendliness on both sides.

There was no sailing wind, so there was nothing to do but stay where we were all day. I spent most of the time in my cabin, reading a novel, and, soon after nine, I fell asleep in a frame of mind unaccountably trustful.

I suppose that I had been asleep about three hours when I was disturbed by a tremendous roar. It was Sailor (who always slept near me) out on the cockpit with a man under his paws—his jaws at the man's throat.

I called him off, and saw that it was my pock-marked friend, with his right hand extended in the cockpit and a revolver a few inches away from it. So far as I knew it was the only firearm on the ship. "Let's get hold of that first, Sailor," I said, and I slipped it into my hip pocket.

"Wake up, Tom," I called, and, "wake up, captain!" Meanwhile, I took out the revolver from my hip pocket, and

held it over the man I seemed to grow more and more sorry for.

"We've not only got a mutiny aboard," I told the captain, "but we've got treason to the British government. Do you want to stand for that? Or shall I put you ashore with the rest?"

Unruffled as usual, he had nothing to say beyond:

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Take this cord, then," I ordered him and Tom, "and bind the hands and feet of this pock-marked gentleman here; also of George, engineer; and also of Theodore, the deckhand. Bind them well. And throw them into the dingy, with a bottle of water apiece, and a loaf of bread. By noon, we'll have some wind, and can make our way to Harbour Island, and there I'll have a little talk with the commandant."

And as I ordered, all was done. Tom and I rowed the dingy ashore, with our three captives bound like three silly fowls, and presently threw them ashore with precious little ceremony. Then we got back to the Maggie Darling, with imprecations in our ears, and particularly the promises of the pock-marked rebel, who announced the certainty of our meeting again.

Of course we laughed at such threats, but I confess that, as I went down to my cabin and picked up the

manifesto, which had been forgotten in all the turmoil, I could not escape a certain thrill as I read the signature—for it was: "Henry P. Tobias, Jr."

That night we made Harbour Island, and met that welcome that can only be met at the lonely ends of the earth.

The commandant and the clergyman took me under their wings on the spot, and, though there was a good hotel, the commandant didn't consider it good enough for me.

I liked the attitude they took toward my adventure. Their comments on "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." and the paper I had with me, were specially enlightening.

"The black men themselves," they both agreed, "are all right, except, of course, here and there. It's fellows like this precious Tobias, real white trash—the negroes' name for them is apt enough—that are the danger for the friendship of both races. And it's the vein of a sort of a literary idealism in a fellow like Tobias that makes him the more dangerous. He's not all to the bad—"

"I couldn't help thinking that too," I interrupted.

"Oh, no," they said, "but he's a bit mad, too. That's his trouble. He's got a personal, as well as an abstract, grudge against the British government."

"Treasure?" I laughed.

"How did you know?" they asked.

"Never mind; I somehow got the idea."

"Take a word of advice. Have a few guns with you, for you're liable to need them."

"I agree," I remarked. "I'll take the guns all right, but I'm afraid I'll need some more crew. I mean I'll want an engineer, and another deck-hand."

And, just as I said this, there came up some one post-haste from the village; some one, too, that wanted the clergyman, as well as me, for my captain was ill, and at the point of death.

"What on earth can be the trouble?" I said, but, the three of us, including the commandant went.

We found the captain lying in his berth, writhing with cramps.

"What on earth have you been doing with yourself, Cap?" I asked.

"I did nothing, sir, but eat my dinner, and drink that claret you were kind enough to give me."

"The half-bottle of claret?"

"Yes, sir, the very same."

"Well, there was nothing to hurt you in that," I said. "Did you take it half and half with water, as I told you?"

"I did indeed, sir."

"It's very funny," I said. And then as he began to writhe and stiffen, I called out to Tom: "Get some rum, Tom, and make it boiling hot, quick—quick! We must get him into a sweat."

Very soon we did. Then I said to Tom:

"What do you make out of this smell that's coming from him, Tom?"

"Kerosene, sir," said Tom.

"I thought the very same," I said.

Tom beckoned me to go with him to the galley, and showed me several quart bottles of water standing on a shelf.

"Two of these were kerosene," he said, "and I suppose Cap made a mistake; for one looked as clear as the other."

Then I took one of them back to the captain.

"Was it a bottle like this you mixed with the claret?" I asked.

"Sure it was, sir," he answered, writhing hard with the cramps.

"But man!" I said, "couldn't you tell the difference between that and water?"

"I thought it tasted funny, boss, but I wasn't used to claret."

And then we had to laugh again, and I thought old Tom would die.

"A nigger's stomach and his head," said the commandant, "are about the same. I really don't know which is the stronger."

The captain didn't die, though he came pretty near to it. In fact, he took so long getting on his feet, that we couldn't wait for him; so we had practically to look out for a new crew, with the exception of Tom, and Sailor. The commandant proved a good friend to us in this, choosing three somewhat characterless men, with good "characters."

As we said goodbye, with a spanking southwest breeze blowing, I could see that he was a little anxious about me.

"Take care of yourself," he said, "for you must remember none of us can take care of you. There's no settlement where you're going—no telegraph or wireless; you could be murdered, and none of us hear of it for a month, or forever. And the fellows you're after are a dangerous lot, take my word for it. Keep a good watch on your guns, and we'll be on the lookout for the first news of you, and anything we can do we'll be there, you bet."

CHAPTER VI.

In Which the Sucking Fish Has a Chance to Show Its Virtue.

The breeze was so strong that we didn't use our engine that day. Besides, I wanted to take a little time thinking over my plans. I spent most of the time studying the charts and pondering John P. Tobias' narrative, which threw very little light on the situation. There was little definite to go by but his mark of the compass engraved on a certain rock in a wilderness of rocks; and such rocks as they were at that.

I looked well to my guns. The commandant had made me accept the loan of a particularly expert revolver that was, I could see, as the apple of his eye. He must have cared for me a

great deal to have lent it me, and it was right as the things we love.

Then I called Tom to me: "How about that sucking fish, Tom?" I asked.

"It's just cured, sir," he said. "I was going to offer it to you this lunch time. It's dried out fine; couldn't be better. I'll bring it to you this minute." And he went and was back again in a moment. "You must wear it right over your heart," he said, "and you'll see there's not a bullet can get near it. It's never been known for a bullet to go through a sucking fish. It's God's truth."

"But, Tom," I said, "how about you?"

"I've worn one here, sir, for twenty years, and you can see for yourself"—and he bared the brown chest beneath which beat the heart that like nothing else in the world has made me believe in God.

We awoke to a dawn that was a rose planted in the sky by the mysterious hand that seems to love to give the fairest thing the loneliest setting.

But there was no wind, so that day we ran on gasoline. We had some fifty miles to go to where the narra-



"Give Me Dat!" He Said.

five pointed, a smaller cay, the cay known in old days as "Dead Men's Shoes"—but since known by another name which, for various reasons, I do not deem it polite to divulge—near the end of the long cay down which we were running.

About twilight we dropped anchor in another quiet bay, so much like that of the night before, as all the bays and cays are along that coast, that you need to have sailed them from boyhood to know one from another.

The cove we were looking for, known by the cheery name of Dead Men's Shoes, proved farther off than we expected, so that we didn't come to it till toward the middle of the next afternoon, an afternoon of the most innocent gold that has ever thrown its soft radiance over an earth inhabited for the most part by ruffians and scoundrels. We soon found that we were not alone in the cove.

"She's changed her paint," said Tom, at my elbow. And, looking round, I saw that our rakish schooner with the black hull was now white as a dove; and, in that soft golden water, hardly a foot and a half deep, five shadowy young sharks floated, with outstretched fins like huge bats. Our engineer, who was already wading fearlessly in the water, beautifully naked, "shooed" them off like chickens. But it was soon to be evident that more dangerous foes waited for us on the shore.

Yet there was seemingly nothing there but a pile of sponges, and a few black men. The Susan B. had changed her color, it was true, but she was a well-known sponger, and I noticed no one that I recognized.

There was one foolish fellow that reminded me of my shabby deckhand, whom I had always thought out of his mind, standing there on his head on the rocks, and waving his legs to attract attention.

"Why! There's Silly Theodore," called out the captain.

"I'm going ashore," I said.

"I'm going with you too," said the captain. "But look after your guns. There's going to be something doing—quiet as it looks."

So we rowed ashore, and there was Theodore capering in front of a pile of sponges, but no other face that I knew. But there were seven or eight negroes whose looks I took no great liking to.

"Like some fancy sponges to send home?" said one of these, coming up to me. "Cost you five times as much in Nassau."

"Certainly I'd like a few sponges," I said.

And then Theodore came up to me looking as though he had lost his mind over the rather fancy silk tie I happened to be wearing.

"Give me dat!" he said, touching it, like a crazy man.

Events prove that the sucking fish is quite necessary, as mascots are in great demand

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daily Thought.

Reason is upright stature in the soul.—YONGE.

BE YOUR OWN MECHANIC

Earn from \$200 to \$400 a month as an Auto and Tractor mechanic or be your own mechanic for motorized machinery on your own farm. We give you complete instruction in eight weeks.

For big free catalogue clip out this ad, sign and mail today.

Name.....

Town..... State.....

Address 2433 O St., Lincoln Auto and Tractor School, Lincoln, Nebr.

As It Often Happens.

"You and Wombat seem to be cool toward each other. I want you to be good friends."

"Um."

"Don't you think you can reach that stage?"

"You're too late my boy. We were good friends ten years ago. Been all through that stage."

Papa's Foolishness.

"The trouble with my father," said one youth to another, "is that he has no idea of the value of money."

"Do you mean that he's a spend-thrift?" asked the other.

"No, not at all. Quite the reverse. He puts all his money away, and does not seem to have the slightest appreciation of all the good things he might spend it on."

Why Girls Stick Around.

"Why will none of you girls marry?"

"There's a quarrel as to who gets the piano."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Enjoyment of what we have beats envy of what the other man possesses.

Airplanes that collide when 750 feet in the air are too high.

Cause for the Shock.

Hewitt—A man fell dead in a restaurant today.

Jewitt—Heart failure, caused by acute indigestion?

Hewitt—No; shock caused by finding that the price of some article of food had been reduced.

Encouraging Bolshevism

Everything that falsely encourages unrest also encourages bolshevism.

Misunderstanding of American industrial organization, and of its benefits to mankind, leads to unrest, dissatisfaction, and radicalism.

For example, the Federal Trade Commission tells the public that the large packers had an agreed price for lard substitute (made of cotton-seed oil.)

It reproduces letters taken from the files of one of the packers, showing that such agreed price existed.

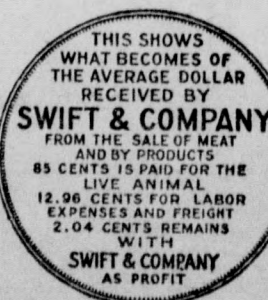
But it failed to mention that the agreed price was determined at the request of and in co-operation with the Food Administration!

Even the Department of Justice, in its unjust attempt to create prejudice against the packers, has made public these same letters, with no explanation.

How long must this kind of misrepresentation continue? In so far as it is believed, it not only breeds discontent, but results in injustice to our industry.

Let us send you a "Swift Dollar." It will interest you. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



Your New Home

should be made artistic, sanitary and livable.

These walls should be Alabastined in the latest, up-to-the-minute nature color tints. Each room should reflect your own individuality and the treatment throughout be a complete perfect harmony in colors.

The walls of the old home, whether mansion or cottage, can be made just as attractive, just as sanitary, through the intelligent use of

Alabastine

Instead of kalsomine or wallpaper

How much better, when you have a new home, to start right than to have to correct errors afterward from former treatment with other materials, when you come to the use of Alabastine, as does nearly every one sooner or later.

Once your walls are Alabastined you can use any material over it should you desire, but having used Alabastine you will have no desire for any other treatment.

Alabastine is so easy to mix and apply — so lasting in its results — so absolutely sanitary — and so generally recognized as the proper decorative material in a class by itself that it is becoming difficult to manufacture fast enough to supply the demand.

Alabastine is a dry powder, put up in five-pound packages, white and beautiful tints, ready to mix and use by the addition of cold water, and with full directions on each package. Every package of genuine Alabastine has cross and circle printed in red.

Better write us for hand-made color designs and special suggestions. Give us your decorative problems and let us help you work them out.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

Grand Rapids

Michigan

One ton of coal is equivalent to two cords of wood for steam purposes.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum
When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

CONDUCTOR HAD HAD ENOUGH

Little Controversy With Passenger Became a Trifle Personal and He Shut It Off.

"Fare please?"
"My fare is in the box."
"Nix on that stuff. You went right by."
"Bet your life I did. I been waitin' two hours for a chance to get inside."
"Forget it. Pay your fare and cut out the bull!"

"Get off your foot. I dug up once."
"Where'd you get on?"
"River street."

"Yes, you did. What happened at River street, just now?"

"Well, at River street, for one thing, a woman handed you a quarter and you bluffed her out of the change; at Hill street four people got on and you rang up three fares; at Prairie street, when you changed that \$5 gold piece—"

At this point the conductor decided he had enough.

"Move on!" he shouted. "There's plenty of room up front. Don't be blockin' the gangway."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Seeds Grown By Electricity.
An English scientist has had much success with an electrical treatment to increase the germination of several kinds of seeds.



A Drink That's Part of the Meal!

POSTUM CEREAL

has a flavor that's sure to please. An economical factor in housekeeping. A health builder, used instead of coffee.

No Raise in Price

Two sizes usually sold at 15¢ & 25¢

Made by Postum Cereal Company
Battle Creek, Michigan.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

HOW CAMP TEACHES SCOUTS

How far can the summer camp serve the ambitious scout who wishes to advance in his tests? How can the routine work of the camp be made an interesting matter of service to the camp community?

On the trail of these and many related questions, several hundred camp directors are working. It is clear that the best way to teach camping is to let the boy actually camp. The presence or proximity of an experienced camper will help him to learn the best way more readily, and with less hazard, but the way itself is that of the apprentice rather than the book student. The habit of self-reliance and of common sense can best be developed in a camp where instruction is combined with hours and days that throw the boys on their own resources.

It should be the wish of every boy to become a proficient camper while passing his scout grades and merit badges. The enthusiasm of many boys will lead them to endure lectures and book work to a certain extent, but such enthusiasm feeds upon the chance to do some part of the necessary work of a community as well as it can be done, whether it be for a patrol, a troop, or a council.

MAKING THE RIGHT SIGN.



Boy Scouts Have Signs With Their Fingers. Here is One Undergoing Test.

SCOUTS HELP TO FIND JOBS.

Another task which Boy Scouts were recently asked by the government to attempt was the distribution of posters relating to the problem of getting jobs for soldiers.

The war department provided national headquarters with a list of forty or more cities in which the situation was so serious as to require special propaganda effort. In every one of these cities there was a first-class scout council and through the scout executive of these local organizations the work was carried out in each community with dispatch and efficiency.

Again Boy Scouts were proud and eager to lend a hand. Evidently there is still plenty of war work to be done, even though the treaty has been signed and peace declared. This is as it should be. Scouting wishes to help Uncle Sam put through some of his numerous big tasks which concern his "boys."

SCOUTING AND CIGARETTES.

John M. Phillips, member of the national scout council and a scout commissioner for Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, has this to say regarding cigarette smoking:

"From personal observation I find that we have very little smoking among our Allegheny county scouts, and while we have not prohibited it we impress upon the scout the fact that to be 'physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight,' he cannot abuse his body by using tobacco in any form. I have stopped a lot of scouts from smoking cigarettes by telling them that if I wanted to stunt a pup I would feed him tobacco juice."

Mr. Phillips is getting splendid results from his "stunted pup."

WHAT THE SCOUTS DO.

The Boy Scouts in South San Francisco have planted a large date palm in the civic center in honor of Theodore Roosevelt.

Three Boy Scouts who were on a hike from New York to Montreal, passing through the Adirondack Mountains between Chesterton and Elizabethtown, N. Y., came across a side-car accident, in which the occupants of the side-car were unconscious. The boys rendered first aid and telephoned to Elizabethtown for medical aid.

Sudden Rise in Oil.

Bix—So your friend became wealthy through a sudden upward movement in oil. What oil stock did he buy?

Dix—He didn't buy any. A rich old aunt started a fire with a can of it.

DEWS OF EVE

No More Gentle Than "Cascarets" for the Liver, Bowels

It is just as needless as it is dangerous to take violent or nasty cathartics. Nature provides no shock absorbers for your liver and bowels against calomel, harsh pills, sickening oil and salts. Cascarets give quick relief without injury from Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Gases and Sick Headache. Cascarets work while you sleep, removing the toxins, poisons and sour, indigestible waste without griping or inconvenience. Cascarets regulate by strengthening the bowel muscles. They cost so little too.—Adv.

A man's opinions have more or less weight with his wife—usually less.

Cooking a Dinner.

Flatbush—I heard that a tin dinner pail on the ground near a house, at Palms, Mich., reflected the sun's rays against the house. Smoke was seen and then there was a blaze.

Bensonhurst—That must have been the origin of the fireless cooker, I reckon.—Yonkers Statesman.

A SUMMER COLD

A cold in the summer time, as everybody knows, is the hardest kind of a cold to get rid of. The best and quickest way is to go to bed and stay there if you can, with a bottle of "Boschee's Syrup" handy to insure a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning.

But if you can't stay in bed you must keep out of draughts, avoid sudden changes, eat sparingly of simple food and take occasional doses of Boschee's Syrup, which you can buy at any store where medicine is sold, a safe and efficient remedy, made in America for more than fifty years. Keep it handy.—Adv.

Fashion's Fuzzes.

"Do you think side whiskers will ever come into fashion again?"

"They're in fashion now," said Mr. Ruffneck. "The girls are wearing 'em over their ears."

The Difference.

"It is a far cry."

"What is it?"

"From a real cocktail to near-beer."

ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

A success is a man who has stuck to one job long enough to do it well.

Too Ill to Work

Scores of Women

in homes, stores, offices and factories are not fit to be at work. They toil on day after day and year after year suffering with distressing weaknesses and derangements, hoping against hope that they will soon feel better, but how can they hope to do good work or escape permanent invalidism?

Such women are in danger of derangement of women's functions. They owe it to themselves to try that good old fashioned root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for more than forty years has been restoring American Women to health and strength.

Here is a Notable Example

Joplin, Missouri.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see if it really would do as it was advertised and it sure did, and more. I was weak and could not do much work, had bearing down pains and had to go to bed. I learned about the Vegetable Compound from my mother and my husband told me to get it. After taking one bottle I was able to be on my feet most of the time and do my work again. I have a baby eleven months old and I have done all my own work, even the washing and ironing since she was three weeks old. I certainly recommend your great medicine to everyone who complains of female trouble and I am more than willing for you to use my testimonial."

—Mrs. TIMOTHY GRANEY,
426 Connor Ave., Joplin, Mo.

And Another

Chicago, Illinois.—"I suffered for four years with pains in my sides, hips and legs and a terrible backache. I could not do any work at all. I was treated by many physicians but they did not help me. I read in one of your books where other women have been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I tried it and it helped me very much so that now I can do everything in the house. I have told my friends about Vegetable Compound and you have my permission to use this letter."—Mrs. I. OVENSTEIN, 902 S. Marshfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Thousands of such Letters Prove the Curative Value of

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

Jewelry and Repairing

—a full line of LA TAUSCA PEARL NECKLACES—from \$3.50 up to the "DIAMOND OPERA," \$20.00. Highest cash price paid for old gold, silver and diamonds.

Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FRANK FRAIBERG

Closed Thursday afternoons Opposite P. E. Station

BIGGEST BEST BUSIEST

Monrovia Laundry Co.

LAUNDERERS AND DRY CLEANERS

SIERRA MADRE OFFICE

Phone Green 85

Pettitts News Stand

May we help you plan? Your Summer Vacation?

Do you want detailed information
RELATIVE TO

San Bernardino Mountain Resorts?

Agents of this company, upon request, will provide you with folders descriptive of any of the beautiful, healthful resorts of the San Bernardino Mountains.

They will ascertain for you without cost whether accommodations are available at any of them and at what cost.

They will advise you and assist you in shipping your own camp outfit to any point accessible in the mountains, and arrange for its return to your home destination after your vacation.

They will arrange all your transportation details gladly so that every feature of the journey may so far as possible be pleasant and your stay among the great trees of our own mountains the happiest days of your lives. Call upon them freely.

Pacific Electric Railway

G. E. MESECAR, SIERRA MADRE G.M.T.

Will gladly assist you and solicits inquiry.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.

Sheriff's Sale

No. B75947

Order of Sale and Decree of
Foreclosure and Sale.

Lydia M. Webster, Plaintiff,
vs.

Julius A. Potter, et al, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 27 day of September A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Lydia M. Webster, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgement and decree of foreclosure and sale against Julius A. Potter, et al, defendants on the 16 day of September A. D. 1919, for the sum of Thirteen hundred sixty eight and 45-100 (\$1368.45) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 23 day of September A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgement Book 445 of said Court, at page 311, I am commanded to sell all those certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city of Sierra Madre, County of Los Angeles, State of California and bounded and described as follows: Lots twenty-five (25) and twenty six (26) of the Re-subdivision of a part of L. L. Ferry's Subdivision of the central portion of lot fourteen (14) of the Sierra Madre Tract as per map recorded in Book 66 page 71 miscellaneous records of said county.

Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public Notice is hereby Given, That, on Monday, the 3rd day of November, A. D., 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgement, with interests and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 9th day of October, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Slosson & Mitchell,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

Natural Gas is the cheapest
fuel for your furnace. Let the
Gas Company install a furnace
in your house.

"ALWAYS THE FIRST ITEM—SON"



EDUCATORS MAP THRIFT COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

N. E. A. Head Urges the Need of Savings Study in Our Schools.

San Francisco, Cal.—Before the end of the year there will be established a standardized course in thrift and saving in every public school in the seven states of the Twelfth Federal Reserve District, according to plans worked out by the state superintendents of public instruction of the West in co-operation with the war loan organization. The superintendent of public instruction in each state will serve as state director of thrift education.

It is not at all unlikely that as a result of this move in the West to found a better American citizenship by the teaching and practice of thrift in the public schools that the idea will be taken up throughout the United States. In this connection, Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, state superintendent of public instruction for the state of Washington and president of the National Educational Association, has written as follows to each member of the executive committee of the association:

"Here in the West we are going to put in every public school a standardized course in thrift and attempt to teach it on a plane with the fundamentals of the common school branches. In the nature of a laboratory in connection with the course, savings societies will be organized in each school with the idea of making the course habit-forming.

"I cannot too strongly recommend to you as a member of the executive committee that every state in the Union take steps immediately to introduce similar courses in the curriculum of every public school in America. We have reached a danger point in the American social and economic structure and it lies with us who are charged with the public education of our citizens to undertake the responsibility of meeting not only the present crisis, but the vital need for permanent thrift as a national habit."

First available reports of savings work among school pupils this term come from the San Francisco schools through Philip J. Lawler, manager of the school savings department of the Bank of Italy, which is co-operating with the government. The report shows a total of \$28,437.90 saved and invested in Thrift, War Savings and School Penny Stamps in 73 school days. The number of students investing was 65,149.

Within a short time Mr. Lawler said he would have a report on the work in 275 California schools which have an attendance of 99,000 school children. Of this total number of schools 174 are country schools.

"We must have the close co-operation of the newspapers of the West and of leaders of public opinion in this work of turning out better citizens," said Mrs. Preston. "We school superintendents, principals and teachers are undertaking this job because we think it is our job. However, it is every true American's job and we will need all the help and co-operation we can get."

Attending a conference called by Governor John U. Calkins of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco at which the decision to introduce the study of thrift to school curriculae were the following superintendents of public instruction:

W. J. Hunting, Nevada.
G. N. Child, Utah.
Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, Washington.
Miss Ethel E. Redfield, Idaho.
Will C. Wood, California.

W. S. S.
Forty million dollars' worth of eggs are destroyed in the United States each year through careless handling.

THE KING and THE KID

San Francisco—This ought to be a short story and its title ought to be "The King and the Kid."

The kid is Albert of Belgium. The kid is Richard Siprelle of San Francisco, eleven years old. The King had entered his automobile after his official reception at the City Hall here and no doubt thought himself safe, surrounded as he was by secret service men, soldiers, and police. Enter the kid: leaping on the running board of King Albert's machine, he thrust into the King's hand a Thrift Stamp with a card on which to paste it.

"King Albert," said the kid to the King, "don't you want a Thrift Stamp?" The boy with his natty overseas soldier's cap in hand smilingly awaited his answer. The King took the card and stamp; said "Thank you," and the incident in the King's life and the epic in the kid's life closed then and there with a forward lurch of the automobile, leaving the kid behind.

"I just wanted the King to know," said Richard, "what a chance America gives us kids to learn how to save so that when the King gets back home maybe he will make Thrift Stamps for Belgian kids. The newspapers said that I wanted two-bits for the stamp but I didn't. I am going to write the King a letter and see if he won't send me his photograph with his name on it."

Needless to say, Richard Siprelle is in the movies, so if you see a picture of the King in his automobile with a kid on the running board, you will know all about it.

BUY W. S. S.

KAHN'S COMMON SENSE

Teaching of thrift and increased investment by the people of America in government savings securities, War Savings Stamps, Treasury Certificates and in savings banks are methods advocated by Otto H. Kahn of New York for relieving the economic situation engendered by the high cost of necessities.

This suggestion by the eminent partner of the firm of Kahn, Loeb & Co. was made in an open letter to an unnamed government official at Washington. As a check to waste and certain forms of useless extravagance, Mr. Kahn advocated the establishment of a federal bureau of salvage which would instruct the people of the United States or the possibilities of recreating wealth from the scrap heap. He points out that the government in the last three years has saved over \$500,000,000 in this manner.

BUY W. S. S.

SLAVES OF CHANCE

"The habit of thrift tends to give clear eyes, good digestion, efficient muscles . . . Young people, especially, should economize, always remembering that we should have everything we really need. It is folly to skimp in eating for the sake of saving, or to wear dowdy raiment. Have what you need, but do not buy things you do not need. But there is a joy in going without things—a fine tang in eliminating the superfluous.

"Loving labor and thrift go hand in hand. He who is not thrifty is a slave to circumstance. Fate says, 'Do this or starve,' and if you have no surplus saved up you are the plaything of chance, the pawn of circumstance, the slave of some one's caprice, a leaf in a storm."—Elbert Hubbard.

BUY W. S. S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. H. MACKERRAS, M. D.

Sierra Madre Office 138 W. Central
Hours: Mon. Wed. and Fri. 10:30
to 11:30 by appointment. Phone
Main 53 or Green 57.
Pasadena Office, Central Building.
Phone Colo. 334. Res. Phone Colo.
1191.

LLOYD L. KREBS, M. D.

Sierra Madre Office, 4 N. Baldwin.
Tues., Thurs., Sat.—11 to 12:30.
Phone Main 60.
Pasadena Office, 461 E. Colorado
Phone, Colo. 630
Residence, 415 Oak Lawn, So. Pasa.
Phone, Fair Oaks 584

GEO. W. GROTH, D.O., M.D.

Office at
Sierra Madre Hospital
122 N. Baldwin Ave.
Resident Physician and Surgeon.
Calls answered day or night. Of-
fice Phone Blue 144; Res. Blue 73.

MAY JANET CULBERTSON, D. O.

Osteopathic Physician
Hours by Appointment.
Office and Residence,
193 West Central Ave.
Phone, Blue 36.

ALLEN T. GAY

Funeral Director
Phone Main 93. 201 West Central
Avenue, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Mount Wilson Coffee Parlor

LUNCHES
FOR
HIKERS
A
SPECIALTY

J. A. Saenger
At the End of the Car Line

CLEANING & PRESSING

NEW STEAM PRESS
Special attention given to alterations and repair work.

Prompt Service

Good Work
Reasonable Rates

CLAUD HARRIMAN
Red 64 10 N. Baldwin Ave.

GOOD DENTAL WORK.

Examinations Free.

Crowns 5.00 up
Bridge work 5.00 up
Fillings 1.00 up
Plates as low as 8.00

Dr. Rockfellow
Kinney-Kendall Bld
Entrance No. 15 N. Raymond
Fair Oaks, 543.
Pasadena, California.

DON'T WASTE ANYTHING

We Buy everything.
Highest Prices Paid
for Second-hand Furni-
ture, Clothing, Stoves,
Papers, Magazines, Etc.
Special attention to
Moving and Hauling Jobs.

B. LAMPERT,
Phone Red 30, 82 W. Alegria St

FIRST TO JOIN.

The first organization to join the Red Cross Roll Call in a body was the Ancient Priscillas.

BENEFIT CONCERT GOOD

The benefit concert at the Woman's Club House last Monday night was good and deserved better patronage from our people. Only about fifty attended, which netted the memorial fund \$12.00 instead of one hundred as was hoped.

TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE

Little Caroline Gilbert, while playing at school Wednesday morning, fell and broke her left arm in the same place it was broken in a similar accident some two months ago.

JUST PURE RED CLOVER

Harper's Solid Extract of Red Clover (not a patent medicine) prevents the flu, cleanses the blood, restores convalescents and builds up the system. Recommended and sold by F. H. Hartman & Son, druggists. adv.

The News wants all of the home news and will appreciate items that come in over the phone.

The NEWS - Job Printing



In your home—
for convenience
comfort and
economy

We recommend Perfection Oil Heaters

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

O. R. GOOD, SPECIAL AGT. STANDARD OIL CO., MONROVIA, CAL.